

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXVII. No. 2173

London
February 17, 1943



Finnigans

OF BOND STREET

first for Ladies' Handbags

LONDON · MANCHESTER · CAMBERLEY · TRURO

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S
GIFT DEPT.

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

The Aristocrat
of Liqueurs
Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

For
INFLUENZA
& **COLDS**
Cephos
is safe and certain

SOLD EVERYWHERE
1/3 & 3/-
IN TABLET OR
POWDER FORM

See-foss REGD
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
Pronounced

Stop that
with
**COLD
VAPEX**

V193

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**
Grand Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

ENJOY MORE TEA

**THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA**

"The World's Best"

Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd.,
20 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3

ENJOY TEA MORE

CVS-52



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1

Style on a friendly footing.



Park Lane



... and these are the three comfort features ...

1. Steel arch support—gives comfort in the right place.
2. Sponge rubber cushion—relieves the forward pressure of high heels.
3. Flat innersole—you walk the way Nature intended.

SELBERITE *Arch Preserver* SHOES

Perfect Style—Perfect Comfort. Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes give you the best of it both ways. These shoes amply fulfil the present day need for something extra in the way of foot comfort and good wearing qualities.



300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office): 17/18 OLD BOND ST., W.1

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

FEBRUARY 17, 1943

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXVII. No. 2173

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Hay Wrightson

An Autumn Bride: Mrs. Simon Asquith

On October 1, 1942, Miss Vivien Jones married Mr. Simon A. R. Asquith, younger son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith, and a grandson of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Mrs. Asquith is the third daughter of Major Lawrence Evelyn Jones, M.C., and Lady Evelyn Jones, of Cranmer Hall, Norfolk, and she is a granddaughter of Sir Lawrence Jones, Bt., and of the late Earl Grey



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Flying Record

MR. CHURCHILL has notched another 10,000 miles on his flying record. His latest travels have been more varied, more dangerous and more spectacular than any previously undertaken by him. Not only has he sat in Casablanca's sunshine with President Roosevelt, and in a railway coach at Adana with President Inönü of Turkey, but he has taken the victory salute from the Eighth Army. This is something which Mussolini had planned to do, not in Tripoli but in Alexandria. The Duce got as far as Tripoli and was ready to fly after the Axis soldiers to fulfil his dearest boast. Instead of reaching Alexandria he had to slink out of Tripoli with the bare hope that the whole world would never know what a fool he had been. Mr. Churchill was more cautious, and it was only by chance that he arrived in Tripoli's ancient Piazza d'Italia. Once there, with the bagpipes skirling, he watched the victorious Eighth Army march past and then thanked them for their valour. What was most striking was his tribute to General Montgomery. It was generous, emotional and sincere. Typically Churchillian. No British Prime Minister has ever flown as much as Mr. Churchill, and certainly none of the long line has ever seen at first hand the plans for an offensive and later the victorious results.

Confidence

IN his election message to the voters of West Belfast, Mr. Churchill wrote confidently that "victory is within our reach." He has never gone as far as that before. In the House of Commons he was much more cautious. His speech was crammed with detail, and phrased

as graphically as only Mr. Churchill knows how. But the account of our present war position was well balanced by a full appraisal of all the facts. There was the promise of a further quickening in the tempo of the offensive against Germany, also a warning about the menace of the U-boat. Yet Mr. Churchill could not completely hide his optimism. It was more evident in the manner of his delivery than in the speech itself. But it was there all the same.

Criticism

THERE is a tendency in certain parts of the country to criticise Mr. Churchill for travelling too far away and too often. It is quite natural that people should feel critical, but there is another side to the question. Great Britain is still in a state of siege, and prominent statesmen, such as President Roosevelt, could not be expected to come to London. So full of vitality is Mr. Churchill, and so lacking in fear for his personal safety that he finds it most enjoyable to fly here, there and everywhere. His joy is evident in all his photographs, yet nobody will deny that the results are also evident. If we had not had a Prime Minister who was prepared to put personal considerations at one side in the way Mr. Churchill does, where should we have been now? By his travels, Mr. Churchill has done much to quicken the progress of the war and to cement our relations with our Allies. I was struck with his appearance when he reached Paddington station after flying through the night from Algiers. He showed no signs of weariness, his face was tanned by the African sun, and he looked like a man confident in the success of his cause.

Nobody can say this of Hitler or Mussolini after carefully studying their photographs.

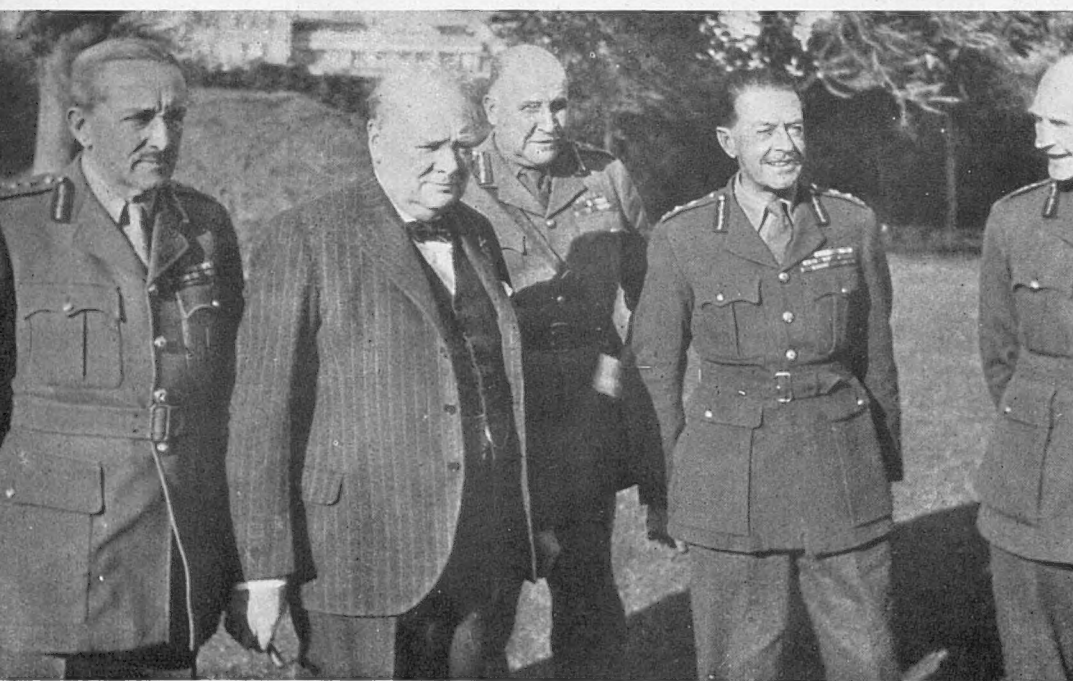
Waning Power

FOR weeks we have heard rumours about Mussolini's health. He was supposed to be so ill that he was gradually surrendering the reins of power over the people of Italy. It now appears that these rumours were not true. Mussolini is not really ill, only sick. The loss of Italy's African Empire, and more certainly the human losses in Russia, have made him grasp once more at the helm to save himself. But clearly it is a palsied hand that reaches out to dismiss men like Ciano and Grandi. It is a sign, if ever there was one, that Mussolini is nearing his end. Obviously he believes that his name still spells magic to the men and women of Italy. So he has taken more power and responsibility unto himself in the hope that he



New U.S. C.-in-C. in Europe

Lieut.-General F. M. Andrews, from Nashville, Tennessee, recently took over command of U.S. Forces in the European Theatre of Operations. Previously he commanded the U.S. Army Air Force, which raided Italy and gave the Eighth Army invaluable support



The Prime Minister at the British Embassy, Cairo

After his journey to Turkey and Cyprus, Mr. Winston Churchill visited Cairo, and this picture was taken in the gardens of the British Embassy there. With him are General Sir Alan Brooke, General Sir H. Maitland Wilson, C.-in-C. Middle East, and General Sir Harold Alexander, Deputy C.-in-C. under General Eisenhower. Sir Alan Brooke, who was at Casablanca, was appointed Colonel Commandant of the Glider Pilot Regiment, A.A.C., in December

can stifle criticism and raise Italians from the deepness of their depression. This seems to be the only explanation for the latest changes in his Cabinet. There may be other reasons, and the fact that Count Ciano has since been posted to the Vatican as Ambassador may have significance. Probably Mussolini is trying to find a way out, and would like to use the Vatican for this purpose. Nobody can tell if this is true, but we can safely forecast the result. There's no hope for Mussolini. His career, which started just after the last war, is slowly but surely coming to an end with this war.

Playboy

COUNT CIANO has never been anything more than a playboy in Fascist politics. He has always liked strutting around in his Fascist uniform. But nobody ever regarded him seriously, and least of all Hitler and Ribbentrop. The people of Italy knew him as a young man of fashion, who was suddenly lifted to high political position because he was Mussolini's son-in-law. Even his most pompous manners, however, did not hide the fact that as Italy's Foreign Secretary he was the lightest of lightweights. Nevertheless, he always kept his eye on the main chance, and this was represented by money. In a few years before the war he amassed a large fortune. To do him justice I do believe he dislikes the Germans as deeply as he is capable of doing. Hitler treated him as an office-boy and Ribbentrop snubbed him regularly. So he had every reason to hate. But while he hated he continued to feather his



The A.O.C. Malta at Work

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Keith Rodney Park, commanding the R.A.F. in Malta, sometimes takes his papers into the public gardens in Valletta; and the photographer caught him at work one sunny afternoon

own nest in every possible way, and thus brought on himself a widespread popular dislike. Count Grandi, who was dismissed from office at the same time as Ciano, was less well-known by the ordinary people. Though proclaiming himself as one of the Fascists who marched on Rome, Grandi was, and is still, a sleek and cunning diplomat. He prefers under-cover intrigue to open warfare. There was a time when some people regarded Grandi as a possible saviour of Italy. This was before the war. There are some who still believe that he might be. But the shadow of Darlan falls darkly over Europe and will not escape Grandi. Somebody else will have to save Italy, but nobody knows who this will be.

Hitlerian Opera

SOMEBODY—I believe it was an American—has described the darkness over Germany as Wagnerian. How right this is. By his

gloom propaganda Hitler is trying to rouse his people to a frenzy which, he does not let them forget, may mean self-immolation. Nobody but Hitler could use mass psychology in this way. We all know that Wagner's operas have a remarkable effect on Hitler, and therefore he looks for the same from his people. It is a horrible and desperate creed he has ordered. But do not let us doubt that the German will follow it and wallow in it. For a time, at least, they will like it. They are sacrificing themselves for their country. That's the theme, and Hitler's the conductor. In such circumstances we cannot expect the people to crack. If and when there is a crack in Germany it must come among those who know the true position. The Himmlers, the Goerings, the Generals, and the Junkers, are the people who know Germany's plight. Which of them will cause the crack?

Evacuation

THOSE who believe that the bomber will win the war must see some justification in the evacuation of Hitler's U-boat base at Lorient. Load after load of bombs were poured on the target with devastating effect. This shows the pattern of bombing policy for the future. Week by week the bomb load over Germany will become heavier and quicker. It seems that Hitler cannot do anything to stop it, not even by retaliation. Yet it is inconceivable that victory can come by bombing alone. There must be a co-ordination of sea and land offensives before the German people, or their leaders, hold up their hands. Before this can happen Hitler will certainly try to stage something dramatic by way of a diversion. The Turks think he will attack them in search of oil, while on the Iberian peninsula fears are rising that he will march into Spain. Not even Hitler can fight on every front, and by all appearances he is going to be compelled to face this impossible task, for spring is on the way and Casablanca means nothing if there's not action soon.

Presidential Election

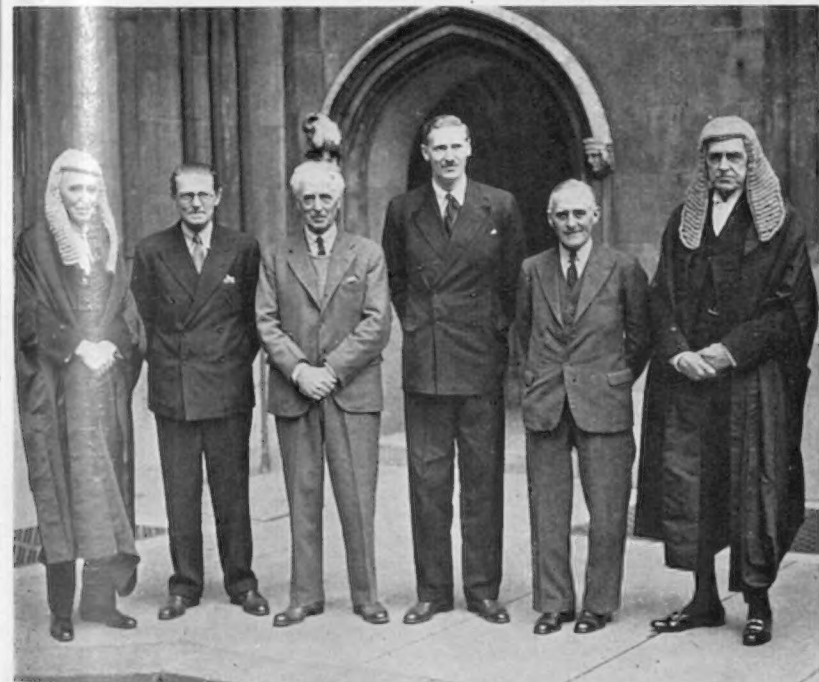
IN the United States, where there is no political truce, the Americans are thinking of the next presidential election. Some of the



Truant Commander at the Palace

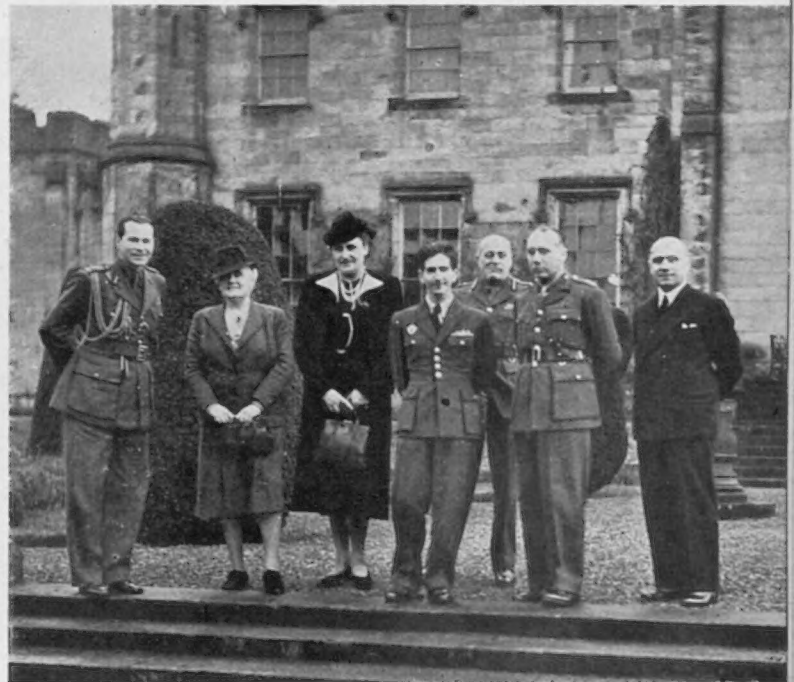
Lieut.-Commander Hugh Haggard, R.N., went to a recent investiture with his wife to receive the D.S.O. and D.S.C. from the King. He is the Commander of the famous submarine, Truant

experts take it for granted that President Roosevelt will run for a fourth term, thus breaking every record in a land of records. There is no doubt that President Roosevelt would like to take a hand in the peace-making. As a Junior Minister he took part in the Versailles Peace Conference, and afterwards did his utmost to get Americans to join the League of Nations. He failed then, and it would be a natural ambition for him to want to remedy that mistake. Hard-bitten politicians in Washington do not believe that the American people will tolerate a fourth term President, and, therefore, they are looking for a dark horse. It is rather significant that Mr. John G. Winant has not returned to his Embassy in London. It would not surprise me if he did not suddenly aspire to candidature for the election. He is one of those nationally-minded Republicans, who has not hesitated to work under President Roosevelt.



The Parliamentary Mission Returns to England

After a journey covering more than 35,000 miles through China, India, and Egypt, Lord Ailheyn, Lord Teviot, Mr. H. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, M.P., and Mr. J. J. Lawson, M.P., returned home a short time ago. They left London on October 15 at General Chiang Kai-Shek's invitation. With them on the left is Lord Simon, and on the right, Captain Fitzroy



King Peter of Yugoslavia Visits Tulliallan Castle

While visiting Scotland, King Peter of Yugoslavia went to the home of Colonel Harold Mitchell, M.P., chairman of the Anglo-Yugoslav Parliamentary Committee. Above are Major Rozdalovsky, Mrs. Arthur Woodburn, the Lady Provost of Edinburgh, King Peter, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Colonel H. Mitchell, M. Krnjević

Ian Smith, Edinburgh

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Strickland and Women

By James Agate

The *Moon and Sixpence* (Odeon), the film made out of Somerset Maugham's novel about Gauguin, has two main themes. The first is that old thing about the non-obligation of the artist to conform to everyday morals; the second is that even older thing: Should artists marry? I remember when I was a boy being enormously impressed with George Moore's "What matters the slaughter of ten thousand virgins if they provide Delacroix (I think it was) with a fine canvas?" It was about this time that Wilde was writing: "No artist has ethical sympathies." "Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art." I remember how, reading this, vicious little schoolboys gave fresh rein to their vices under the delusion that they were turning themselves into artists. Later I remember how Montague tried to demolish the pernicious but amusing nonsense in a single sentence. "Wilde, when slowly dying of a retributive disease, with all his splendid gifts already dead before his body, was still chattering about the amplitude of the career of moral uncontrol." Unfortunately for Montague's argument the disease from which Wilde died was retributive only in the time-sense; twenty years later the medical profession had made the discovery which would have saved him, body, mind and perhaps even soul. Gauguin did not die of a disease which he contracted in the South Sea Islands but of one which he caught in Marseilles and afterwards spread among the innocent islanders. And I suggest that it would take a greater pen than Wilde's, or a greater brush than Gauguin's, to make a pretty picture out of that kettle of fish.

HOWEVER, I must confine myself to the actual picture which is more concerned with Strickland-Gauguin living than with S.-G. dying. I was sensible that the audience was far more staggered than I could hope to be by the artist's views on women. The filmgoers round about me, mostly young people, have had it drummed into them through hundreds of pictures that women are rarefied beings to be set on a pedestal, and on whom men are privileged to bestow diamond bracelets, furs and chocolates, in return for an occasional kiss. Such an audience as this, then, could never have regarded women in any other light than fascinating, if capricious, goddesses, who, in some extraordinary metabiological way transmute themselves in middle life into model mothers and later into those silvery old ladies with mob-caps whom we all adore. What then, could such an audience think of Mrs. Strickland, who, when she thought her husband left her for another woman, refused to divorce him, but was quite willing to do so when she learned that his new mistress was only his art!

LONG before Maugham wrote his novel, one Henrik Ibsen, in the play called *Hedda Gabler*, had dealt with the subject of women's indifference to art. In that play Ibsen showed how Hedda was willing to go through fire for the writer Lövborg, provided it was she who inspired his great book. And how equally ready she was, when the great book turned out to have been inspired by another woman, to put the manuscript of the now-detested book

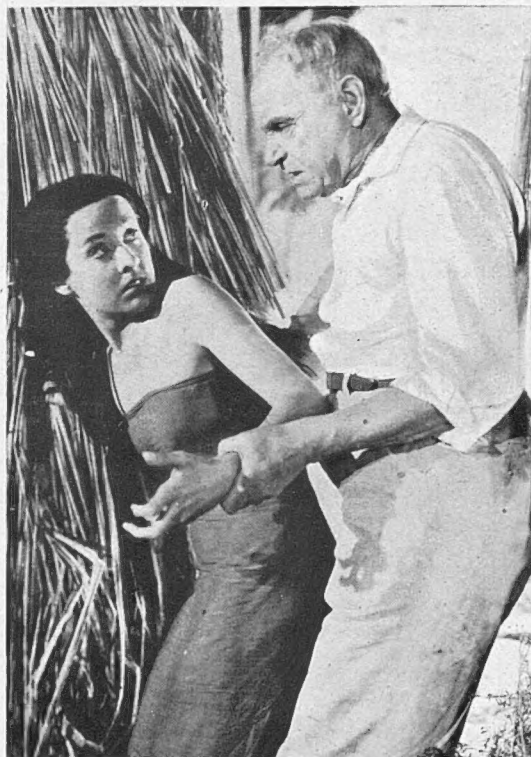
into the fire. "I am burning your child, Thea," she cried, her face twisted with rage and revenge. "Your child and Lövborg's." From which it follows that Hedda cared nothing about the book *qua* book. Strickland ran away from Mrs. S., not because he had ceased to love her—as a matter of fact he had never begun—but because he and his new mistress could not cohabit under the same roof as that icy virago.

ART, you see, is an abstract subject, and women, on the whole, are not interested in abstract subjects. Listen to the average woman talking—what does she talk about? According to her age and social position, she talks about clothes, hats, make-up, servants, her menfolk, her children and rationing. No woman, talking about the theatre, bothers what the play is about: she is too much concerned with her adoration of Miss A or her detestation of Miss B. Now an artist who is really absorbed in his art—whether he is painter, poet or musician—is never thinking about anything else, however much he may pretend. If people must chatter to him about art, or his art, neither of which he wants to discuss—then he insists that they should at any rate chatter intelligently. And as women seldom do this—and why should they be intelligent about something which bores them?—your artist avoids female society, and if he is married, inevitably, sooner or later, runs away from his wife. Thus Strickland's action was entirely logical, and the film, so far as I was concerned, was preaching to the converted.

SHOULD artists never marry, then? Bad artists yes; good ones no, unless like Blake they take to themselves a drudge. Decidedly the best way is Strickland's—a pretty fifteen-year-old, not too dark, Islander to act as model, cook and mistress. And if the child cannot speak English? Enchanting! Was there not once a French maiden who, advertising for a husband, supplemented her meagre *dot* with the phrase "pas de piano"? Would the child of fifteen have ceased to please at twenty? It was to be presumed that she had younger sisters. See Maupassant on the subject (*Les Sœurs Rondoli*).

YES, I hold that Strickland's case was entirely logical and needs no excusing. Is there a rather nasty bit where the other Englishwoman he possessed goes off and hangs herself? The answer to that is that she possessed him, and that women who behave like millstones must take the consequences. But it is foolish of me to expect women to see anything of the sort; the conception is abstract and as such beyond their province. And why shouldn't it be? Women have the monopoly of beauty, charm and fascination, and that's enough.

ACOLLEAGUE is surprised at the choice of George Sanders for Strickland. He would have been my first choice in view of his quality of callous banter; I agree that he rises surprisingly well to the bigger task of suggesting the great artist. On the other hand I should not have chosen Herbert Marshall for the narrator; his note is too much that of honest, gentlemanly stupidity. Had I been United Artists I should have spent another hundred thousand dollars or so on luring Willie Maugham himself to link up the story. Perhaps they did; perhaps that old bird was too wily for them. Anyhow, it is an admirable film until the end, when it lapses into Technicolor and techni-paths. What one wanted to hear was Strickland deciding in the last stages of leprosy whether the game had been worth the candle. The world has decided yes. What did Strickland think?



The Artist, His Native Wife, and the Island Doctor in "The Moon and Sixpence"

"The Moon and Sixpence," presented by David Loew and Albert Lewin at the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square, is reviewed by James Agate on this page. The pictures above are taken from the last part of the film which is set in the island paradise of Tahiti. Here Strickland (George Sanders) settles down to such happiness as he is capable of, takes a native wife and paints his masterpieces until death—in the form of a dreaded tropical disease—takes him. Then it is that Ata, his native wife (Elena Verdugo), fulfilling a promise given to her dying husband, is found by the island's doctor, Dr. Coutras (Albert Basserman), setting fire to the native hut which houses the work of the great artist. Many masterpieces are lost in the destruction, but the doctor is able to salvage sufficient to show the world in later years the development of Strickland's genius

"It's That Man Again"

Mrs. Handley's Boy and the Itma Company on the Screen

To compensate for the loss of Tommy Handley's weekly Itma programme on the air for the next few months, a screen version of the now famous half-hour is to be shown at the re-opened Tivoli in the Strand, and at Marble Arch Pavilion. Nearly all those characters who have endeared themselves to something like twenty million listeners will be seen "as they really are." Mayor Tommy Handley will be supported by Jack Train in the dual role of Lefty and Funf, Sidney Keith as Sam Scram, Horace Percival as Cecil and Alley-Oop, Dorothy Summers as Mrs. Mopp, Dino Galvani as So-so, Clarence Wright as Clarence, and Leonard Sharp as Claude



The Mayor of Foaming-at-the-Mouth (Tommy Handley) hears the voice of his enemy Funf. "Funf. has spoken."



"I've brought this for you, Sir." The ever-faithful charwoman, Mrs. Mopp (Dorothy Summers) does not allow a mere train journey to interfere with the "doing" of her gentleman. On the right is Sidney Keith as Sam Scram



So-So (Dino Galvani) tells the Mayor what will happen to him if he fails to honour the contracts signed by him in quick-fading ink. Sam Scram is already gagged and bound in the background



"Good morning! Nice day!" Clarence (Clarence Wright) leaves the Mayor with his usual hearty threat of future calls



Lefty (Jack Train) does one of his famous impersonations. Here he is as Jimmy Durante with Sam Scram



"After you, Claude." "No, after you, Cecil." Leonard Sharp and Horace Percival are bailiff's men who preserve good manners at all costs

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

A Little Bit of Fluff (Ambassadors)

A THOROUGH farce, once in a way, does no one any harm. It clears the mind of cant, and refreshes one's sense of humour. That is if it rollicks, and does not dabble in mere persiflage. Its speech should be free, its action lively. The slapstick need not be spared. The characters may be larger than life, but their misfortunes, though dire, should not distress, but divert. The actors should be as quick on their cues as electric currents, or, when occasion demands, so slow in the uptake as to make the deliberation of a snail seem vivacious. Timing, which is the fine art of acting, is even more important in farce than verbal felicity. It can transform the trite into wit, raise platitudes to the power of epigram. Subsequent reflection may cool current rapture, and present mirth have only present laughter. But it's a poor heart that cautiously rejoices.

Hope, says the poet, springs eternal in the human breast. What a boon that must be to the actor who—possibly breathless, probably bruised, and pardonably bewildered—comforts himself in the thrões of farcical rehearsal with the thought that an audience makes all the difference, and hopes it will be all right on the night. As indeed it was on that night twenty-seven years ago, when *A Little Bit of Fluff* blew into the Criterion, and stayed there for over a thousand performances.

THE present revival at the Ambassadors is unlikely to top that score. Mr. Walter Ellis, the author, may even have feared lest this generation should find its predecessor's sense of fun vieux jeu. If he did so fear, the first-night reception was reassuring. It showed



"The Little Bit of Fluff" is none other than Miss Maimie Scott (Chili Bouchier) of the Five Hundred Club. She seeks to ingratiate herself with the jealous wife of John Ayers (Olga Lindo)

not only that there is still a kick in the old war-horse, but that some of the sweetest theatre music is laughter that makes the welkin ring.

Does the fun date? Not in essentials, for they are primæval. Time may have tarnished the idiom here and there, and the ladies, despite their modern frocks, seem to defer to the social customs of yesterday. Even the little bit of fluff, whose tricks are as old as nature, may seem somewhat naively impulsive in comparison with her sisters of today. She is irrepressibly oncoming, and has a genius for doing and saying the untimely thing, and for dropping in and dropping bricks, when expediency (not the plot) demands that she should be neither seen nor heard.

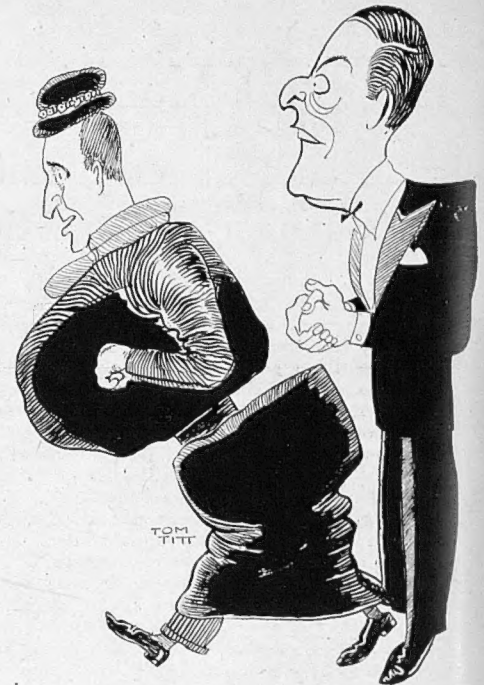
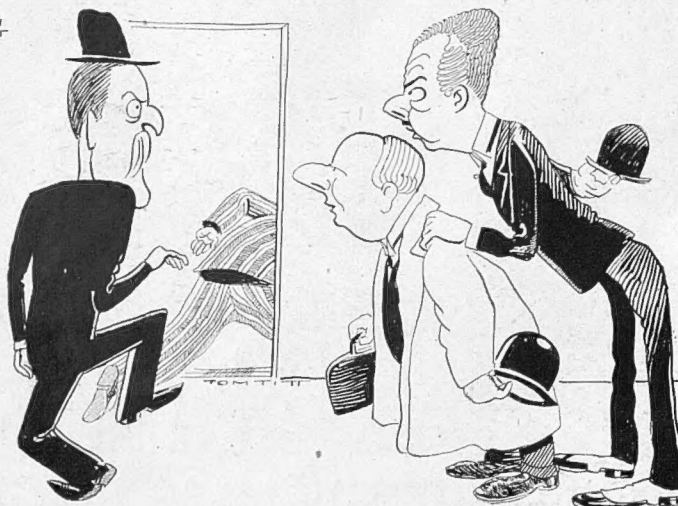
But such lawless entertainment is no product of the school of manners, with plausible p's and æsthetic q's to mind. Rather is it a tale,



Bertram Tully's Aunt Hannah (Doris Gilham) takes a hand in the matrimonial complications. Diana Day and Dorothy Boulter are the two maids

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: Henry Kendall and Christopher Steele beat a hasty retreat from the attentions of Nixon Trippett and Dr. Bigland (Richard Afton and John Burch) both Bus Co. officials



John Ayers (Henry Kendall) is fortunate in having a really staunch friend in Bertram Tully (Christopher Steele)

blatantly apocryphal, told out of school. Its scenes, alleged to be within the five-mile radius, are really set in the never-never lands of Liberty and Licence. And the natives, more often on than off the horns of dilemmas, communicate the thrill of their predicaments without the anxiety, and invite, not discourage laughter.

As personified humours, rather than the kind of persons one might meet in a queue, their true intent is all for our delight.

CONSIDER them: the philandering husband whose word to the wife is no better than his bond; that virtuous but vituperative wife, who holds him by the purse strings and fear; his Sawney friend and confederate, addicted to celibacy and the flute; those solemn figments of law and order, whose farcical function it is to threaten and be ever outwitted; and the little bit of fluff herself, so wayward, and yet so convivial, but whose sparkling eye never misses the main chance. Their dressings-up and dressings-down, the connubial alarums and escapist excursions, the bedrooms impulsively invaded and convulsively quitted: these are a defiance of conventional decorum calculated to give our own respectability a night off, and purge with laughter, they say, as tragedy does with tears.

Maybe. But whether such psycho-therapy works or not, this revival does nothing to mollify the vigour of that cheerful catharsis. All the tricks of the farcical trade are played with zest by experienced hands. Mr. Henry Kendall who leads the revels, sets a brisk pace. He attacks with confidence, and maintains élan. Miss Olga Lindo's admirably incisive performance lends the farce-bound wife such high-comedy graces as the part can stand, and is infallibly resourceful. Bertram, the flute-addicted bachelor, whose shyness of women and the ways of the world yield to the caressing use of his Christian name (as Ali Baba's cave yielded to the charm of "Sesame!") is most amusingly played by Mr. Christopher Steele; and Miss Chili Bouchier's brunette vivacity makes the eponymous bit of fluff more than a match for those glacial glamour girls, the blondes, that gentlemen, we are told, prefer. With arts that were craft to Delilah, she finally subdues her Sawney Samson, and thus rounds off an impertinent tale that glories in having no moral.

Tauber's Musical Romance "Old Chelsea" is Presented at Princes



Two of the inhabitants of Chelsea are Peter Crawley and Christine, who succeed in falling in and out of love with remarkable rapidity (Charles Hawtrey, Betty Percheron)

The composer, Jacob Bray, on the threshold of fame, finds his love for the great prima donna, Nancy Gibbs (Nancy Brown) is not reciprocated



Mary Fenton, a little milliner (Carole Lynne) is in love with an unknown foreign composer, Jacob Bray (Richard Tauber). The play tells the story of their romance, of the composer's infatuation for the prima donna, Nancy Gibbs, an operatic singer of the century, and the final recognition of Bray as a great artist and musician

Richard Tauber is not only the star but also the composer of many of the loveliest tunes of *Old Chelsea*. With script by Walter Ellis, it is staged in London in the eighteenth century. Stars of revue, as well as of opera, are in the cast, which includes Nancy Brown, Australian-born singer who appeared with Tauber in the original production of *Land of Smiles*, Charles Hawtrey, Carole Lynne and Betty Percheron. Fred G. Tysh and Walter Ellis together wrote the lyrics, dance ensembles are by Lydia Sokolova, and additional numbers have been added by Bernard Grun

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Mary Fenton entertains the Gentlemen of the Court with one of the loveliest numbers of "Old Chelsea"

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Salute to the R.A.F.

THE KING was not able to go to Paddington to welcome Mr. Churchill home after his dramatic and historic voyages by air, but he sent his good wishes and congratulations privately to the Prime Minister. Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, the Churchills' eldest daughter, and her son Julian, were the first to greet him as he stepped from the special train in which he covered the final stages of his journey. Mr. Churchill looked extraordinarily well and was in radiant spirits. He is one of those rare human beings whom travel, especially air travel, invigorates and refreshes instead of tiring. In wearing the uniform of an Air Commodore he paid a graceful tribute to the Service responsible for his safe conduct. Incidentally, it made strict disciplinarians of the R.A.F. enquire, in mock seriousness, what happens when Air Commodore Churchill meets an Air Marshal or Air Chief-Marshall, who rank as his superior officers. The answer, according to one of the Service Chiefs who accompanied the Prime Minister, is simple. Punctiliously obeying the etiquette of the Service, Mr. Churchill salutes first. The ordinary relationship of civil life is then reinstated.

Grass Widower

LT. CDR. EARL BEATTY is a grass widower even when on shore these days, for his wife went off to North Africa before Christmas and does not expect to be home again for a month or two. Lady Beatty is working in Africa under the auspices of the American Red Cross. In London, at the Washington Club, she was in charge of the Information Bureau and is doing very much the same work over there. She had a rough passage to Algiers and has written home that the mornings are very cold, which is rather surprising to those of us who were under the impression that the sun was always shining and the earth perpetually sun-baked. In her absence her place at the Washington Club has been filled by Viscountess Strathallan, who was Miss

Nancy Fineke, of New York City. Lady Beatty herself comes from Virginia, and is the daughter of Mr. T. S. Power. The Beatty estate, Brooksby Hall, in Leicestershire, which was the pride of the famous Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty, is given over for the duration for work of national importance and a cottage on the estate is all that is now available for the family. Here Lady Beatty's two sons, by a former marriage, spend their school holidays.

At Home

IT was quite like pre-war days to receive a card of invitation with the formal words: "The British Ambassador to Yugoslavia and Lady Rendel, At Home," though there was



Lenare

Miss Kathleen Duncan

The second daughter of the late Walter Atholl Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan is engaged to Lt. Ivar Iain Colquhoun, son of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun, of Luss.

nothing formal about this cocktail party, where King Peter walked in quite unheralded and mingled amongst the guests, stopping here and there to talk to an old friend. Sir George Rendel stood receiving with his popular wife, Lady Rendel, their daughter, Rosemary, with them. As the party was arranged to meet members of the Yugoslav Government there were many from that country among the guests, notably the Prime Minister and Vice-Premiers. Among the British gathering I saw Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Mr. Robert Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Amery and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Law, representing Government circles; Air Chief-Marshall Sir Christopher Courtney with Lady Courtney, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Denton Carlisle, Lady Ravensdale and Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who has lately returned from South America.

Salute to the Red Cross

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S work with the St. John Ambulance Brigade takes her all over the country. The other day she went up to Bedfordshire, where she made a brilliant speech to a big R.A.F. unit. This was at the invitation of the Chief Welfare Officer for the County, who is Junior Commander Mrs. Hugh



A Canadian General Marries

Major-General J. Hamilton Roberts, D.S.O., M.C., is here seen with his bride, formerly Mrs. Anne C. Fullerton. The General, who won his D.S.O. in the Dieppe raid, has three sons serving in the Canadian Army.

McCorquodale, and one of many similar affairs which she has arranged for the Services. Lady Louis spoke of her pre-war visits to Russia, of her experiences of the London blitzes, of the wonderful courage of the nurses, and of her trip to the U.S.A., where she went to thank the people across the Atlantic for their help to the British Red Cross and St. John joint organisation.

Lady Louis stayed with Mrs. McCorquodale (whom we know better as Barbara Cartland, the authoress) at her 400-year-old thatched cottage at Great Barford and had a busy time, for, besides her speech to nearly 1,200 members of the W.A.A.F. and R.A.F., Lady Louis held an inspection of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which she is Superintendent-in-Chief, at the three large towns of Bedford, Dunstable and Luton. She said how delighted she was at the progress made by the County Commissioner, Captain Knight, and by the County President, Mr. S. H. Whitbread, who is known as the Grand Old Man of Bedfordshire, for he is over eighty-five, and represented Luton in Parliament in the 'eighties.

Reception

MR. BOGOMOLOV, Soviet Ambassador to the Allies, was this month's Guest of Honour at the Overseas League Welcome Committee's reception to the Allies. He made a short speech in French to the roomful of fellow Ambassadors, Ministers, Members of Parliament and representatives of all the Services of the Allied Nations.

Lady Rumbold received with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, and a few of the people distinguishable in the mob included Baroness de Rutzen, fair and lovely, in black, doing a spell in London on her mobile factory job—she has worked her way up from the bench to the top through much practical experiences and some University courses—Mr. Hore Belisha, suavely social; Mrs. Charles Sweeny, in her American Red Cross uniform; Sir Philip Chetwode; Sir Patrick Hannon, very pink with thick white hair; fair, Russian Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, of the All-Services Club, in a Cossack-shaped mink hat (her son, who is in the Cameronians, is a prisoner of war); Flight-Lieut. Ralph Ethernon, one of the youngest Members of Parliament; Mrs. Elliott Ware, smart and good-looking; Sir Walter Allen and Mrs. Delmer Morgan, two charming Australians; Mr. Morgan Price, M.P., with his wife and son; Captain and Mrs. Alan Graham; the Chinese Ambassador; and Major Dowber, a nice Pole with a name easy to pronounce and to spell.



Janet Jevons

Mrs. Vivian Loyd

The charming wife of Captain V. Loyd, the well-known tank designer, is herself a full-time working director of Vivian Loyd and Co., and is in charge of a department of the firm. She has two children and in her spare time runs a small farm



Two Weddings Which Took Place on February 6th, in London and Edinburgh

Clapperton, Selkirk

Major Andrew Lyell, Dorset Yeomanry (attached R.A.F.) was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Miss Diana Cory, W.R.N.S., younger daughter of the late Sir Donald Cory and of Gertrude Lady Cory. The bridegroom is the younger son of the late Colonel and Mrs. David Lyell, of Angus. F/Lt. Sir Clinton Cory, R.A.F.V.R., gave his sister away

Major W. S. J. Whitelaw, Scots Guards, of Monklands, Nairn, married Miss Cecilia Sprot, A.T.S., of Riddell House, Roxburghshire, at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. In the picture are Lady Margaret Egerton, the Bride and Bridegroom, Captain Charles Farrell, Miss McLean; the children are the Master of Reay, Theodore Sprot, Lindsay MacDougall and Magdalene Brown Clayton

People

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE was a distinguished luncher-out in London the other day; on another occasion the Marchioness of Willingdon caused much amusement at a luncheon party by collecting the cutlet bones of fellow-guests and putting them in a paper bag to take home to her dog—who, it is to be hoped, contented himself with picking them and did not swallow or bury them, so that they may ultimately play their part in the construction of an aeroplane. Others included Mrs. Harold Taylor, looking very smart in her M.T.C. uniform; Sir "Jock" Jardine, lunching à deux; and the Hon. David Wodehouse, Lord Terrington's son and heir, who rushed off hurriedly to keep an appointment, tearing across the traffic in Piccadilly at a perilous pace.

In and out of the May Fair, on brief visits to Town, have been Lady Claud Hamilton, as usual extremely busy with her A.T.S. duties; Lord Dufferin and Ava, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Sir Algernon and Lady Guinness, whose

home, "Memories," must be one of the most beautiful in Dorsetshire. Dancing in the restaurant I saw Mr. Norman Bower, M.P. for Harrow, an ardent supporter of the Premier, with Miss Miki Hood, who was Mr. Tom Walls' leading lady in *Why Not To-night?* Both Miki Hood and Mr. Bower are staunch supporters of Sunday opening of theatres for the duration.

On Points

SHOPPING in a well-known Piccadilly street, I found the Countess of Lytton selecting biscuits and other point foods. Like all good housewives, she had brought her ration books with her and was personally choosing her point values with care. Another shopper who went out with several tins in her hand was Mrs. Pat Lawrence (Mollie du Préé that was) who is now living in London. Lady Diana Cooper, looking serene and beautiful, was choosing books. Further on, Lady Rachel Davidson, eldest sister of the Duke of Norfolk, was chatting to some friends. (Lady Rachel was up

in London for a few days from the country, where she lives with her two little children.) Major George Trotter was another in Town for a couple of days. He married Maryoth, the very pretty elder daughter of Lord Edward Hay, in 1941 and is one of the lucky survivors of the Empress of Britain, in which he was travelling home from the Middle East, when she was sunk by enemy action. Others in Town included Lady Long, tall Mrs. Rowland Fielding, a kinswoman of Lord Petre; Captain Jack Horner, of the Irish Guards; and two racing enthusiasts, Mrs. Mark Roddick and Miss Winifred Rennie, one of Colonel and Mrs. George Rennie's three daughters. Though her home is in Berkshire, Miss Rennie was one of the first to come to live in London and brave the blitz working for the "Censor." Sylvia, Lady Poulet, exercised her dog in Wigmore Street, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, strikingly good-looking, walked together; Lord Ridley visited his sons at Eton; in the same neighbourhood Captain Woolf

(Concluded on page 216)



The Host and Hostess and Some Guests at a Birthday Party

Swaabe

F/Lt. the Hon. John and Mrs. Mansfield gave a birthday party at the Meurice for Miss Pamela Johnson, her sister. Mrs. Mansfield was Priscilla Johnson, second daughter of Mrs. Fielder Johnson, and married Lord Sandhurst's heir last November. Above are the host and hostess at the dinner table

At the other end of the table were Miss Iris Fisher, O/S. R. Gayler, Miss Pamela Johnson (for whom the party was given), Mr. John Svensson, and Lady Anne Spencer, Earl Spencer's only daughter. Mr. Svensson is F/Lt. Mansfield's cousin, and was best man at his wedding

"The Skin of Our Teeth"

Thornton Wilder's Latest Comedy is a Tribute to the Indestructibility of the Human Species



Mr. Antrobus (Frederic March) arrives home in Excelsior, N.J., in high spirits, having discovered the wheel. He is welcomed by his daughter and the family pet dinosaur and mammoth



Photographs by
Karger-Dix

The Ice Age is coming. A glacier rushes down from New England, and the Antrobuses try to keep warm by huddling around a fire with a group of neighbours. Tallulah Bankhead, as Lilly Sabina, the maid, cries out to the audience: "Please start handing up your chairs. We'll need everything for this fire. Save the human race. Ushers, please pass the chairs up here"

● Thornton Wilder's new play *The Skin of Our Teeth*, now on Broadway, is described as a dramatic bombshell—part comedy, part allegory, part sheer nonsense, part serious thinking—in all, the history of man and his ability to exist by the skin of his teeth. The play covers the history of a certain George Antrobus and his family for roughly five thousand years. The Antrobuses survive first a return of the Ice Age, then a second edition of the Flood, and finally a great war—which might be this or any other war. It is, in fact, a brief summary of the experiences of the Race and of the perpetual miracle of continuity. "Of course, I don't understand a word of this," says Tallulah Bankhead, who is reputed to be giving the most brilliant and versatile performance of her career. Limits of time and space are completely ignored; the play is frequently interrupted by actors who, turning to the audience, appeal to them to give up their seats to light a bonfire or, alternatively, announce that members of the cast are down with ptomaine poisoning and their parts will be taken by stage-hands and dressers. As a comedy it has much of the Hellzapoppin hilarity. As a commentary on mankind and its foibles it moves with strange kaleidoscopic force and has much vision. In the American Press it is summed up as an exciting evening, in which the audience is laughed into profoundness



After the war (any war) Tallulah Bankhead turns up as Sabina, the camp follower, and in Excelsior, N.J., discovers Mrs. Antrobus (Florence Eldridge), her daughter (Frances Heflin) and her grand-daughter in the cellar. Sabina tells the family that Henry Antrobus is the enemy



The destructive aftermath of war is symbolised by walls asked. Henry (Montgomery Clift) returns, still antagonistic and hateful. Says Sabina: "I'm not afraid of you. The war's over, Henry Antrobus, and you're not any more important than any other unemployed"



The Ancient and Honourable Order of Mammals is holding its 600,000th Annual Convention in Atlantic City. President Antrobus shocks his family by speaking to Miss Atlantic City (Tallulah Bankhead) as she flounces by. He hastily explains that she is a very nice girl, a Phi Beta Kapps, who speaks seven languages and is the sole support of her aged mother



The Great Flood strikes Atlantic City in the middle of the Convention. Like Noah, Mr. Antrobus takes charge, herding his family and the animals of the world, two of each kind, into a boat. From the crowded boardwalk the fortune-teller cries to him: "Think it over, George Antrobus. A new world to make. Think it over"



Post-war reconstruction occurs when Mrs. Antrobus pulls on a rope and sagging walls return to their normal position. Sabina says: "How do we know it'll be any better than before?" Mrs. Antrobus replies: "Too many people have suffered and died for us to start reneging now"



An evening at home with his books is spent by Mr. Antrobus as actors parade past the rear window of the house quoting from the world's famous philosophers. Nothing is much different from what it was in the Ice Age, but the Antrobuses (and hence you and I) are clearly here to stay. The last two minutes of the play have a satiric twist which is the key to this fantastic comedy-drama

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SHOOTING editors used to give the citizenry such a shock twenty five years ago that the trial of Madame Caillaux, who has just died, seems to us a thing of yesterday.

The incident, just on the eve of World War I, was to many French observers a sinister preliminary to the greater cataclysm. Yet it looked simple enough. *Le Figaro* had been attacking Cabinet Minister Joseph Caillaux, so Mme. Caillaux called at the office one day in her feather boa and picture hat and shot the editor, M. Calmette, dead at five paces with a dainty revolver (maybe one of those a leading gunsmith in the Rue de Rome used to exhibit in his showcases, a gun of handbag size, built for ladies' use: maybe with a lipstick in the ivory butt; maybe with "Tout à toi" engraved on it, in a wreath of true lovers'-knots and myosotis—we wouldn't swear to it). Mme. Caillaux was of course acquitted. The air was thick with accusations of Radical jobbery and German intrigue and Heaven knows what. Then the bigger guñs began.

Sigh

OLD boulevardiers say the Caillaux affair didn't thrill Europe like the more complicated and murky Steinheil affair some years before, when packed cafés cheered the Tragic Widow's acquittal, and she achieved the popularity of a Hollywood film-star. Beautiful Mme. Steinheil, friend of President Félix Faure, was still alive a couple of years ago. Her Paris, with its sunny, sardonic, leisurely grace, the cabs, the toppers, the

froufrou, the lime-trees, exists only in luminous canvases like Manet's *Paveurs de la Rue de Berne*. Something vulgar has crept into our civilisation since willowy girls in expensive picture hats and filmy gowns left off shooting editors and being mixed up in midnight crime mysteries. We guess the nearest thing to this nowadays would be a female motor mechanic in oily dungarees slouching into Fleet Street and taking a crack at the Advertisement Manager. How hopelessly banal, how crude, how uninteresting.

Appassionata

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT'S admission that his orchestra "wept with emotion" during their Portuguese tour reminds us of an emotional Richter concert at Covent Garden during which one of the timpani found his poor old mother curled up asleep inside one of his side-drums. The whole orchestra cried, Richter cried, the audience cried, the critics cried, the box-office manager cried, everybody cried except the timpanum, who accused his mother of eating the sandwiches timpani keep in their drums. A sordid argument followed and everybody was ashamed for British manhood, a representative of Messrs. Hawkes, the eminent drum manufacturers, formally denouncing the heartless timpanum. "Everybody back, please, to the Andante quasi allegro, section D, page 67," said Richter, wiping his eyes.



"I never know where to put old Fortescue's crowd"

Why orchestras cry so readily is one of the great enigmas of the music world (another is why tenors sing). Personally we connect it vaguely with the well known emotional crises undergone by Damon Runyon's Broadway buddies, who get together at intervals to sing "It's a Long, Long Trail" and other tear-jerkers in close harmony, and are often so shaken by sobs that they take two slugs to get a passing friend.

Uniform

BABY-FARMING, though not quite the Island industry it used to be, still flourishes so gaily that the new Act regulating infant adoption may be quite a blow to several kind elderly ladies in black silk.

Black silk was and probably still is the regulation uniform for baby-farmers, as you may know; rather shabby black silk, a bonnet all over sequins, and a sanctified expression. Thus garbed did Mrs. Dyer carry on her large murder business, celebrated in the old ballad:

The old baby-farmer, the wicked Mrs. Dyer,
At the Old Bailey 'er wages is paid.
In times long ago we'd 'a made a big fire,
And roasted so nicely that crewel ole jade.

Elderly Victorian ladies wore black silk to liquidate grown-ups as well; for example Mrs. Manning. Even more sinister in its respectability is the black silk of Mrs. Webster, the poisoner, who wheeled a large body in a perambulator all the way from Lambeth to Camden Town (there's something exquisitely shudderful in that progress of Mrs. Webster's perambulator through the crowded London streets). We've read somewhere that black silk and sequins went temporarily out of fashion after Mrs. Manning, just as huge starched cartwheel ruffs did when Mrs. Something-or-other was hanged in one under James I for doing a nobleman in by doctoring his wine. But it came in again, and you can see dusty old ladies shuffling round dismal streets in black silk to-day, maybe meditating crime.

Footnote

BLACK silk and stuff at its most symbolic, free from associations of harmoniums and prussic acid, is rightly worn by the
(Concluded on page 206)



William Seely

"It's amazing what people will eat—they want another helping"



Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin



Dr. C. E. M. Joad and His Daughter

A London Film Premier

Spectators at the Opening of "The Moon and Sixpence"



Sir Ian Fraser, Mr. D. McCullough and Mr. Howard Thomas

The film adaptation of Somerset Maugham's famous novel *The Moon and Sixpence*, had its first performance at the Odeon on February 5th. This United Artists picture was adapted and directed by Albert Lewin. Also in the Odeon programme is a film showing the B.B.C. Brains Trust in session, and well-known members of the famous Trust were present at the premier



Commander Campbell



Lady Maxwell, Lady Ravensdale, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. McCullough



The Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczyńska

Standing By ...

(Continued)

inhabitants of Spain; the perfect foil to that incandescent blaze of light, the white or ochre villages, the orange-trees, the tall basilicas, the arid plains, though we once travelled with a naturalist goop so horn-blind that he said the Spaniards should wear gay clothes. Velasquez and Goya knew better. Black for Spanish pride and austerity and mysticism, against that background of violent colour. Rainbow tints for the Slavs and Nordics against their snow, such as the Poles and Norwegians and Swedes. And bowler-hats and drab reachmedowns for Manchester. Traditional national costume expresses something far subtler than merely covering up the torso, and you can quote us.

Flop

ONCE upon a time you only had to shout "Bertillon" in Scotland Yard and everybody fell on all-fours. The other day a citizen was acquitted of theft by a jury despite the classic fingerprint test, which his lawyer challenged. It looks as if yet another infallible scientific discovery has a crack in it, maybe.

It would not be so amusing to see them take a toss if the science boys were not such conceited boasters and swaggerers, oracles and knowalls. Their *hubris* certainly reaps its reward. In criminology the last big boy to come a purler was—correct us if wrong—the great Lombroso, inventor of the (alleged) Criminal Type. It was extremely easy to fool this bonze. A Parisian medical student who had picked up a cheap skull in a junk-shop told Lombroso it was stolen from a museum, and was Charlotte Corday's; which that pundit duly proved to be the case by logarithms and differential calculus and God knows what. As for his famous Criminal Type, it is as liable to be found on the Bench as in the dock, as is freely admitted nowadays. But Lombroso's impressive jargon and Græco-Latin gibberish enabled him

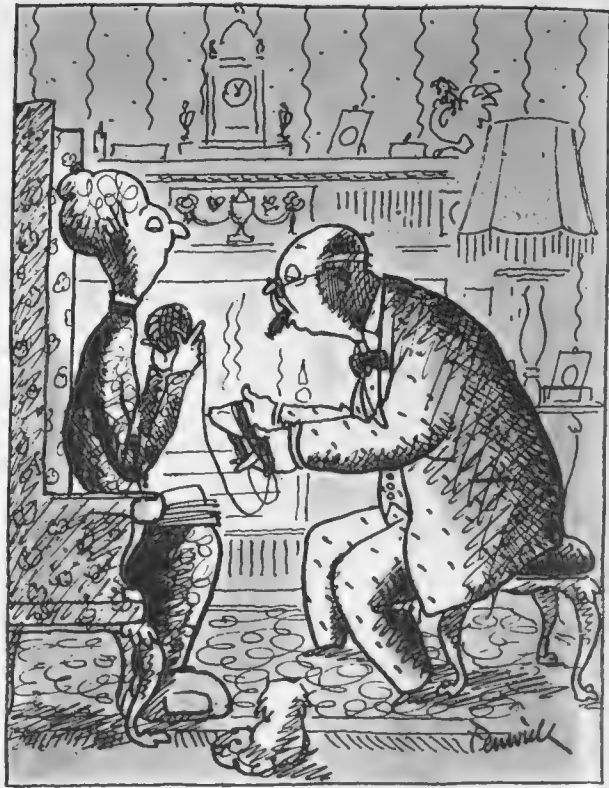
to get away with it for a long time. So does Mr. (name deleted by Censor).

Wind

THAT big southwesterly gale which late over pale Britannia passed developed at its peak a purposeful viciousness new to our rural area, though they know all about vicious winds in places like Scarborough and Saragossa; especially Saragossa.

In Aragon they have a wind which has been trying nearly every night for centuries to uproot the capital, the tall city of Saragossa, bodily, and especially the Basilica of the Pillar. This it tries to do all night long in a passion of rage, howling over the harsh Aragonese plains like fifty mistrals gone crazy, and only gives up at dawn. The Scarborough wind, which is made of steel and has hooks on it, tries to savage old ladies and scarify their faces and jump on them and bash them to a pulp. Compared with these, the average high wind in our part of Arcadia is just mooning round with its hands in its pockets. But this time, after wrecking a few trees and tearing off a few shutters in the village, it seemed to have some object, leaping repeatedly and snarling like a wolf. Towards midnight there was a moment when it occurred to us that this malignancy might be due to witchcraft—a troop of best-selling female novelists flying their own broomsticks to or from a P.E.N. Club coven, for example. One could almost hear the eldritch laughter.

The only effective charm against such, as you may know, is four drops of rich publisher's blood sprinkled to the four winds, with the formula "*Bachacuch damatamēnos Iopakerbeth laikam lakoub beth-allasan.*" But even then your cows will probably die.



"They say the Russians are still doing splendidly in the Philippines, dear"

Brew

THAT little mother who was discussing coffee substitutes in the Press recently failed to mention the only undetectable substitute for British coffee, simple enough to make.

It consists of the water in which have been boiled together a dozen flat-irons, two pairs of rusty iron dumbbells, a little stale meat-extract, and 50 pairs of old boots discarded by L.P.T.B. tramway conductors. A good substitute for the tea you used to get in France, if you were fool enough to ask for it, is much the same, except that you leave out the boots, meat-extract, and dumbbells and put in an old half-stewed umbrella, the property of a retired ticket-clerk at the Gare St. Lazare. The odd thing is that if you give the average British housewife hand-picked freshly-roasted Blue Mountain Jamaica or that delectable berry they grind in Vermont, U.S., the mixture turns out as above, as it would equally if you gave the average French housewife the non-exportable tea once grown in China for crystal-button mandarins, nay, for the Emperor himself. Enigma!

Doggedly the Race absorbs its near-coffee hell-brew, and we think we know why. It's a defiant retort to that ancient American gibe that the Race shouldn't touch coffee, because coffee will only keep it awake all day.

Erratum

OUR recent note on the deathly coldness of County cricketers' kisses moves a correspondent to assert that naturalists have more than once compared the kisses of Harley Street specialists to being embraced by a squid.

We find on 'looking up Gilbert White, Agassiz, and other authorities that this chap quotes the wrong fish. According to Mrs. Browle's *Natural History of Queen's Gate* (1897), Love suddenly started to burgeon in the breast of a Kensington virgeon when she underwent (twice) kisses colder than ice from a rising young Harley Street sturgeon.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"You don't mean to tell me you've never seen a toucan"



The Versatility of Fay Compton

John Vickers

It is not many months since we published another—and very different—photograph of this versatile British actress. She was appearing then as Regina Giddons in the London presentation of Lillian Hellman's Broadway success, *The Little Foxes*. Christmas came, the good fairy waved her wand, and, hey presto, the vixen in the lair was released from the spell of her sordid ambition, virtue took the place of vice, and Prince Charming emerged, as gallant and gay a Prince as ever captured and held the heart of Cinderella. It is not Fay Compton's first appearance in pantomime, for she has made many, though her versatility is such that she is equally well remembered by many in her Barrie parts, in Maugham comedy, in Shakespeare's tragedies and Coward's modern works. Since she made her first appearance at the Royal Albert Hall in 1906 at the age of twelve in a Christmas phantasy entitled *Sir Philomir or Love's Victory*, Fay Compton has held the hearts of theatre-lovers not only in this country but also in the United States and in the Dominions

Wartime House Party

At Mrs. Theodore Wessel's Home
in the Country



The Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle and Her Children, Gavin and Lorna



*Sarah and Daphne Cadogan
With Their Cousin, Lorna Lyle*



The Duke of Leinster With His Hostess, Mrs. Theodore Wessel



The Duke of Leinster in His Caravan



The Front Door, Cooden Beach



Morning Exercise for the Children

Countess Cadogan and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle, Lord Churston's two youngest sisters, with their children, are guests of their mother, Mrs. Theodore Lyle, at her charming country house, Cooden Beach. Captain Lord Cadogan, R.A.C., has been serving abroad for nearly three years, and was recently awarded the M.C. for calmness, leadership and complete disregard of personal safety during tank battle. Mrs. Lyle's husband is Captain Ian Lyle, the eldest son of Sir Archibald Lyle, Bt.; he is in the Black Watch. While living in the country, Lady Cadogan works for the Y.M.C.A., and is in charge of a mobile canteen. The Duke of Devonshire is another member of the party at Cooden Beach and lives in his luxurious caravan in the grounds.

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



Lady Cadogan Breeds Rabbits For Food



Countess Cadogan, Viscount Chelsea and The Hon. Sarah and Daphne Cadogan



Lady Diana Stuart Wortley

Engaged to Be Married

The Earl and Countess of Wharnccliffe's second daughter, Lady Diana Stuart Wortley, is to marry Wing Commander H. S. L. Dundas, D.F.C., A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dundas, of Cawthorne, near Barnsley. Lady Diana is twenty-three, and has one brother, Viscount Carlton, and three sisters, the eldest of whom married Commander V. R. S. Bowlby, R.N., in 1939. Lord Wharnccliffe succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1926. He married a daughter of the seventh Earl Fitzwilliam, and his home is Wortley Hall, Sheffield



Wing Cdr. H. S. L. Dundas

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

There Isn't One . . .

THE rest of this sentence is "over the Eight"! Although we may never be like you, let us try to be as like you as we are able to be! The Prime Minister, as ever, said the right word at the right moment, and it finds an echo in every heart throughout the length and breadth of this Empire, whether it be a soldier or a civilian heart. The Eighth Army has carved a niche for itself in the history of war which will endure for quite as long as many other grand records have done—that of Crauford's Light Division, the Light Cavalry Brigade, the Union Brigade (Royals, Scots Greys and Inniskillings) and many more historic landmarks. Unlike the Germans, we have no need for the Schauspieler and no time for the cock-eyed heroics of two-gun Paulus, and also we don't breed "heroes" of the Stalingrad type, who left behind them a trail of murder and rapine and the stiffened corpses of the men, women and children whom they stripped and then turned loose to die in the Russian snows.

Provided Always . . .

AND notwithstanding anything hereinbefore contained, whilst they will go on 'chasing and racing in neutral Eire, over here we know only too well that circumstances might intervene which will demand that all lines of communication should be so cleared that movement, excepting to pass the ammunition, will be impossible. If, for instance, we were heavily raided by an airborne force by the Rat, whom we have now got into a corner, everything would have to close with a click. No one can say, but this we know, that Mr. Hitler, having suffered such a blow to his self-conceit and been made the laughing-stock of the entire world, might do anything. He has arrived at that stage when he says to himself, says he, that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb: he is white-hot with temper and pique, and therefore as dangerous as a wounded tiger. So whilst we realise that the Powers As Be will not do anything to interfere with the

national life and its wartime relaxations, unless they are absolutely compelled to, we should be prudent to follow the lead of the legal conveyancer—that is to say, we must not let hope tell too flattering a tale. This is total war to the knife; no win by a short head, or a dead-heat will be of any use at all. We have got to win by the length of the straight. We are not going to finish this war before the Derby of 1943, and things might be humming so furiously round and about the end of May that we cannot know what we then might be after doing.

The Irish Hospitals' 'Chase

SINCE this contest at Naas, which is designed to benefit hospital charities in Ireland in much the same way as the Red Cross Steeplechase, is dated for the 13th, and this note has to be written on the 10th, it is done under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances, for it cannot appear in these illustrious and illustrated pages till the 17th. Until quite recently Mr. J. V. Rank's champion, Prince Regent, the winner of last year's Irish Grand National, was about the only horse in the public eye, in spite of the 12 st. 2 lb. he was awarded. Then suddenly Sir Alexander Maguire's Workman, winner of our Grand National at Aintree on March 24th, 1939, came up with a rush, and, at the time of writing, stands at 8 to 1, his previous quotations having been first 100 to 1, then 25 to 1. This can mean only one thing—namely, that he must be back at his best form and that his connections have put it down in earnest. Workman had only 10 st. 3 lb. at Naas, and that is nearly 2 st. from the top weight, and over this by no means easy 3 miles and 76 yards Prince Regent will have had to be quite as good a horse as we know that he is, and then perhaps some, to beat his challenger. When Workman won at Aintree in 1939 he had 10 st. 6 lb., and three lengths behind him was Macmoffatt, 10 st. 3 lb., and Kilstar, who started favourite, 10 st. 3 lb., was fifteen lengths away third. Kilstar was as near down as a toucher at Becher's the second time round, and



D. R. Stuart

New Zealand Rugby Players

Capt. J. D. Coogan and Sapper E. C. Currie are two members of the N.Z. Army Rugby XV, and play for the team over here. Currie is a very useful scrum half

though this is a long way from home, the blunder absolutely knocked all the wind out of him and he lost at least twenty lengths. This takes a lot of getting back, even when nothing bad has caused it. Most people said after that race that but for this mishap Kilstar must have won. I wonder whether they were right, for I think that we must remember what Workman had done in the Grand National of 1938 when he ran third—a bad one, it is true—to Battleship and Royal Danieli, the latter, in my opinion, the most brilliant steeplechase horse that ever came out of Ireland. Here was an unlucky loser if ever there were one, for on the flat he had his race won when a loose horse, Takvor Pasha, badly interfered with him, with the result that he was beaten a head. The thing to remember, however, is that Workman was right up with Royal Danieli till two fences from home. He

(Concluded on page 212)



On the sofa are S/Ldr. Salisbury Jones, W/Cdr. Scott Malden, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, and Mrs. Milne. The party was at a Home Counties aerodrome



Here are: W/Cdr. P. Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, 2nd Lt. "Bob," Croix de Guerre, S/Ldr. Ray Harries, D.F.C., G/Capt. A. G. Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, W/Cdrs. M. N. Crossley, D.S.O., D.F.C., Duncan Smith, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar; sitting: W/Cdrs. Wight-Boycott, D.S.O., R. M. Milne, D.F.C. and Bar, S/Ldr. Hugo Armstrong, D.F.C. and Bar



W/Cdr. E. H. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, drank a mug of beer with his wife. These pilots have between them accounted for over 130 Nazi aircraft

Fighter Pilots Entertain Their Wives and Friends in Their Well-Earned Off-Time



Officers of a Training Centre Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Majors W. E. Greenaway, H. Martin, Sir C. J. Buchanan, Bt., the Commanding Officer, Capt. C. H. Hills, M.C., Majors R. H. Morrison, M.C., T.D., A. F. Ferguson. Middle row: Capt. G. M. Craeford, Lt.-Q.M. W. M. Bruce, Capt. H. G. Atkin, G. Whittle, M.C., R. A. Ogg, Lts. K. M. Rainsden, W. D. Ritchie, W. Wilson, A. W. Seales, Capt. W. Daveson, D.S.O. (Medical Officer), Lt. J. D. Allen, Capt. R. L. S. Carswell. Back row: Capt. W. Q. Burges, Rev. E. R. Griffith Jones, Lts. J. Couper, R. K. Shaw, W. H. Tait, A. H. J. Warner, W. Laing, R. Gilbert, H. Campbell, D. A. Nicol



In The Classic Picture. By "The Tout"

Several of this year's classic three-year-olds gave evidence of much promise towards the end of their two-year-old careers, particularly the Aga Khan's winter Derby favourite, Nasrullah, and his stable companion, Umiddad. Their trainer has given excellent accounts of both colts recently. Lord Rosebery's filly, Ribbon Development, has also wintered well. She was a game finisher last year, and with any luck should secure at least one of the five classic events in which she is engaged. His Majesty's Sunblind (trained by Fred Darling) is entered for the One Thousand and Oaks, while either Tipstaff or the dark Drop Scone may carry the Royal colours in the Derby. Drop Scone is trained by Boyd Rochfort, who took over as the King's Newmarket trainer last year. Major L. Petch is usually in the Judge's box at Headquarters meetings, and also officiates in the North. Johnny Dines, once a famous lightweight, now trains at Headley, near Epsom. Hervey Leader, one of the Newmarket training brotherhood, has Pink Flower in his stable. Pink Flower put up some good performances last season on the July Course

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

was getting 15 lb. from the crack at Aintree; at Naas he was getting 2 st. all but a pound from Prince Regent. There is no means of knowing how we should handicap Royal Danieli and Prince Regent, but I have my own personal ideas on the subject.

Waiting in Front

So much pleasanter than waiting behind: no hoofbeats of wet divots smack in your eye, or midway between your nose and your mouth (and no hand available to wipe the stuff away!); first cut at the fences with no one barging into you or crossing you, no one upsides trying to make your horse take off a stride too soon, and, above all, that King-of-the-Earth feeling which leading the field at the pace set by yourself always imparts. The long-suffering British Empire which said, "Let 'em all come! And we do not share the belief of the Hogs, Dagoes and Funkers that we are beat!", is going to find out all about waiting in front quite soon. We have stuck it all throughout the long, stern-chase and have never let a squeak out of ourselves, even when we have been badly hurt; we have never shouted for help; two miracles brought it, but it was none of our seeking or contriving, just brought about by the advance of the gangsters and gunmen; we should have fought on just the same even if the miracles had not happened, and we should have won just the same, but it would have taken a bit longer.

We Have Got the Jockey

ANYONE who can sit still and suffer during the trying period when those shining shoes in front keep slipping over the tops of the fences without the semblance of a mistake, is bound to prove himself a good-enough judge of pace to be able to wait in front. It is a job that demands the talent of the real jockey and not that of the butcher boy, who is so fond of making every post a winning-post and is then surprised when his horse dies on his hands. It is a moment which demands as much patience and restraint as the stern-chase when the temptation to go upsides with the lot in front was at times almost overpowering. You know full well that, at the pace at which they are going and the weight your horse has up, it would be suicidal, yet the urge is terrific. Same thing when you have the chance of waiting in front. You need eyes in the back of your head, for it is quite against the rules to look round, and these "eyes" are sometimes given you by some sixth sense. You know how your own is going; you have got to guess by the thud of the pursuing hoofs how the rest are going, and sometimes there is not much more than a split second in which to make a decision. There is a crash and a pause—there's a curse or two, and the sound of a scrimmage! How you want to look round and see what has happened! Instead, you let the good steed crack on a bit—still letting him give you that nice hold, which is the index by which you measure how much more ginger there is in him. You may have stolen a length or two, and when the rhythm of the thudding behind is restored, you feel that your bank balance is just that little bit better. The test really comes when out of the corner of your eye you can see the spearhead of the attack, for it is then that you are badly tempted to go just that little bit faster than you should and court the disaster which you will fully deserve if you succumb. It is the moment when you have got to hang on to yourself and still keep a good "hold" of "him." You dare not forget that there is a chance that the foe has a bit more sting in him than you imagined, and it is only when he comes up alongside and you see that he is not putting 'em down one, two, three, four and that his jockey looks very anxious and not a little blown, that it is safe to wade in and put him out. There is then no danger to be anticipated! You can turn the tap on and see how the enemy likes it. He won't—not one little bit! It is the moment for the *coup de grâce*, but it never would have arrived at all if you had not known how to wait.



How to "Wop" the Eighth Army

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Our artist has evolved a theory of his own about the correct strategy for Mussolini's desert warriors faced with the unpleasant task of delaying the progress of General Montgomery's victorious Eighth Army. It was inspired by the recent account of an Italian Colonel and two Majors feverishly clinging to the barrel of one of our tank guns and insisting on being taken prisoner then and there. Multiply this technique of passive resistance which dates back to the days when determined suffragettes clung tenaciously to railings by several thousand and you get a delaying action of considerable proportions. The only difficulty from the Wop point of view is whether there are sufficient Wops left in North Africa to execute the manoeuvre on a big enough scale

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"Curiouser and Curiouser"

I FIND it hard to explain why *Sword of Bone*, by Anthony Rhodes (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), should have made me think of *Alice in Wonderland*. It is Evelyn Waugh, rather than Lewis Carroll, that his publishers say this young writer shows promise of rivalling. On Mr. Rhodes's behalf, I rather regret this statement, which might give careless readers of dust-wrappers the impression that here was simply one more of the group one has come to call "school of Waugh." Mr. Rhodes has a totally independent viewpoint and some pungent qualities that are quite his own.

Sword of Bone, which is told in the first person, is an account of life in the B.E.F. in France, from the autumn of 1939 up to the Dunkirk evacuation. Mr. Rhodes left Cambridge to go to France with the Engineers. As stores officer he made a number of lively contacts. Billeting arrangements were his affair; later, when work was on hand behind the Maginot Line, he contracted, on behalf of the British Army, for barbed wire, tacks and the ingredients of cement. During the retreat of May 1940 (a retreat that, as described in *Sword of Bone*, remains as mysterious as it was implacable) he continued, almost up to the last, to make, or attempt to make, similar purchases. Or rather, cement was out, but one still needed wire and nails. Such, at least, was the part played by the "I" of *Sword of Bone*, with whom I could not fail to identify Mr. Rhodes.

French amenities, during this dreamlike first war year, were surprising, though very far from ungrateful, to a young generation of soldiers who had expected to find itself, almost from the moment of debarkation, neck-deep in trench mud. This war showed itself exceedingly far from being what last-war writers had brought one up to expect, and Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (though not as a work of art to be less admired) could not, after all, be regarded as a practical guide. The expected hardships were simply not to be found; instead one met good beds, champagne at fifteen francs a bottle, expansive ladies, leisurely business men, and, in almost all of the French, a temperate, one might say sceptical, attitude towards the state of war. Life, for some unexplained reason, did not cease to be pleasant, nor did it (which reflected on nobody) begin to be vigorous until one felt the exactions of the retreat.

The farewells paid by Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-officers to good living became, therefore, less dramatic, though hardly less enjoyable, as through months and months they had time to repeat themselves. The narrator, with Georges de Treuil (the liaison officer) and the doctor (that attractive and somewhat misplaced young gynaecologist), had a high old time. Georges's attractive young American wife, Alsacia, and his Bugatti, both imported from Dinard,

were for some time welcome, though totally unofficial, additions to the mess.

Dream World

GEORGES himself—by profession a Parisian stockbroker, who had opened up a branch office for his firm in the United States—is a character one cannot fail to enjoy. Here we meet him first in the Mairie at Evron:

—hatless, whistling gently, and looking up at one of the great skylights where a pigeon was vainly trying to escape. His hands were in his breeches pockets as he balanced upon his heels; he was dressed in a beautiful brand new uniform, of the quality worn only by elegants of the French Army. In spite of this, I knew he was no soldier; a little too fat, his cheeks a little too flushed, his eyes too glassy and too bulgy, the eyes of a luxurious moth that has breakfasted too well and too regularly upon, only the richest and most exclusive of tapestries. He had the air of having lived permanently at Pruniers and of having drunk more cocktails than were good for him; all the signs, in fact, of a civilised man. He could not be a soldier.

He had a personality which could only be described as "terrific." He overpowered you; after talking to him for a few moments you felt bruised. Yet instinctively I liked him and throughout our acquaintance I never went back on this first impression.

Georges and his views of life add further astrangency to an already astrigent book. But Hedden the Communist and Stimpson the aesthete, two junior British officers, also contribute—this time a gloomy note. If these people never existed—we are told on the wrapper



Yvonne Gregory

Mr. Shih I. Hsiung

"The Bridge of Heaven," a new novel by Mr. S. I. Hsiung, author of "Lady Precious Stream," was published last month by Peter Davies. A prefatory poem is contributed by Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. Mr. Hsiung has translated for his countrymen the works of many of the great British writers, including those of Bernard Shaw, James Barrie and Thomas Hardy

that all the characters are fictitious—they should have; that is all I can say.

Why, then, the likeness to *Alice in Wonderland*? I can only observe that the action in *Sword of Bone* has that same crazy earnestness—of a dream. Everybody is very intently doing something for which one cannot account. Explanations—much in the *Alice* idiom—only

lead one to the verge of dementia. Senior military figures show the exaltedness of the White Knight (I am aware that he belongs in *Through the Looking Glass*). The inside of the Maginot fort, as described here, seems to have its place in Alice's dream-terrain. The narrator sees all the characters, and they see each other, with a sort of mystified fatalism—the picture of Georges de Treuil is the nearest Mr. Rhodes comes to description or explanation of any one person.

Yet both the mood and the manner of *Sword of Bone* serve to make its big passages more telling. Of all the accounts of Dunkirk that I have read, Mr. Rhodes's went most directly to my imagination. . . . *Sword of Bone* may not be everyone's book. Some may find it pitched in too low a key; some may object to its placid anti-heroicism; some may find something sinister in its refusal to criticise. Its profound, disabused funniness is a part of its fibre. It is, above all, not a book to write off, however amiably, as "a piece of excellent fooling." It is excellent, but it is not fooling.

Temporary Soldier

"THE PALE HORSE" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by another new (Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just been spending a ghost-ridden day in London—surely

nowadays one of the most ghost-haunted cities in the world, for those who know and love it. Moreover, the "ghosts" were so recently alive that one need scarcely close one's eyes to cheat oneself into the illusion that they are not even now dead echoes and images of the past. Thus they seem more pathetic than if they had been haunting the London scene for centuries—like Pepys and Samuel Johnson and so many others. They are nameless—like travellers through an era. As, indeed, they were, and some of them are still left over. For their world died quite suddenly and, if we are to take even half the New World plans at their wordly value, there will never be a resurrection.

My first visit was to a once-lovely garden in the heart of London which but a handful of years ago was filled with the brave laughter of stricken heroes. It lay unkempt, deserted; a jungle of weeds and undergrowth, so that to reach the house one had to cut one's way through the tangle of uncut shrubs and rambler roses which would never flower again. Everywhere lay the atmosphere of that silence which is like death. The statues of gods and goddesses lay prone and broken as if they, too, had died. It was infinitely pathetic—like the decaying corpse of someone who such a little time ago had been lively and beautiful and eager with the eagerness of youth.

I wandered through Belgravia, where once the houses had been gay with flower-boxes and now relentlessly proclaimed

that they were "To Be Let or Sold"; the windows shattered, the porticoes damaged or in ruins. And not a soul about—though it was only early twilight—except a dust-cart and an old man exercising his dog. I might have been a solitary human being visiting the deserted mansions of some once-inhabited star.

These streets of proud and beautiful homes looked scarcely more akin to human glory than East End tenements. I remembered the scenes of their glittering past and I wondered if ever they would return to even something approaching their past splendour. I could not answer that question, alas! since wishful thinking was paralysed by the tragic answer "Never more" which seemed to merge and form part of the deepening nightfall.

My wandering took me later on to Hyde Park, where I sat alone wondering, rather sadly, what those dashing riders, whose "ghosts" still haunt Rotten Row, would say to the enormous water-pipe which now runs down its entire length, in place of the envious and admiring crowds which used to throng the side-walks. The night fell—with no twinkling lights to turn the sombre into fairyland. I fled, pursued by the ghosts of the London that I once knew. However, I whispered to myself, by way of consolation, "Life was never the same after the last war—but at least it did bring lounge-suits, into theatre stalls." It will be even less the same after this war, but if the railings are not replaced around the squares, London will have gained an air of garden-spaciousness which it never had before.



F. B. Barker

Frankland West—Spencer Killick

Roger Frankland West, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Frankland West, of Oxford, and Hermione Anne Spencer Killick, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Killick, of Wickhurst Manor, Sevenoaks, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

**O'Cock—Hall**

Michael James Palmer O'Cock, Irish Guards, son of Mr. W. P. O'Cock, and Mrs. G. M. Tylden Wright, of Winkfield Place, Windsor Forest, married Elizabeth Jane Hall, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. D'Arcy Hall, of Shipton Court, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



F. B. Barker

Coppock—Hornyhold-Strickland

Norman Coppock, eldest son of Mr. Norman Coppock, of Birkdale, and the late Mrs. Coppock, and Edeline Winefride Hornyhold-Strickland, only daughter of Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Hornyhold-Strickland, of Sizergh, Westmorland, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Slabey

Meyer—Dixon

Sub-Lieut. Gordon O. R. Meyer, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Meyer, of Weybridge, Surrey, and Jean Dixon were married at St. John's, Hampstead. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Dixon, of Hampstead

**Pepys—Noble**

John Evelyn Pepys, son of the late Colonel Gerald Pepys, and Mrs. Pepys, of 1, Huntingham, S.W., and Zila Noble, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Noble and Mrs. Noble, of Chantry House, Eccleston Street, S.W., were married at Westminster Cathedral

**Scott—Berresford**

Lieut. Anthony Scott, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomas Scott, of Valparaiso, Chile, and Mary Berresford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Berresford, of Duckmanton Lodge, Chesterfield, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

**Franklin—Vaisey**

Dr. Alfred White Franklin, younger son of Mr. Philip Franklin, of 11, Wimpole Street, and the late Mrs. Franklin, married Ann Grizel Vaisey, elder daughter of the late Rev. F. D. Vaisey, and Mrs. Vaisey, of 9, Richmond Bridge Mansions, Twickenham, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

**Wykeham—Ward Hunt**

Lieut. James Wenham Wykeham, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey A. H. Wykeham, of Pitt Place, Brighton, I.O.W., married Marjorie Ward Hunt, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Wilfred Ward Hunt, of Old Sutton, Mordiford, Hereford, at Christ Church, Down Street

**Corbett—Wykeham**

John Lionel Garton Corbett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Corbett, of Hockley House, Alresford, Hants., married Susan Irene Sibell Wykeham, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Herbert Wykeham, of Foxhill, West Haddon, Rugby

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

Barnato, wearing corduroy trousers, energetically sped along on a bicycle; in London, Miss Eileen Hennessy looked as smart in her M.T.C. uniform as her sister Sheila does in the dark blue of the W.R.N.S.; Mrs. James Durran, incredibly slender, blew along with the wind, her long dark hair tied back in a peruke; Mrs. Larry Kirwan, up for the day from Sussex, has at last despatched her attractive young daughter, Jennifer Anne, to school after a bout of the all too prevailing jaundice; and Miss Beatrix Lehmann, soon to appear in a new play with Eric Portman, attended a performance of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

Children of the Fighting Forces

AN exhibition of needlework and toys made by schoolchildren of Great Britain, Canada and America, known as "Children of the Fighting Forces," was opened at Swan and Edgar's last week by Lady Ravensdale and is to remain open until the 22nd of this month. The Mayor of Westminster had something to say of the wonderful gifts which the City of Westminster had received during the blitz, and Lady Clare Hartnell also spoke with gratitude of the many parcels sent to Chelsea in those days when she was Mayor. Lady Butterfield, who founded the "Children of the Fighting Forces" movement, was wearing the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Both she and Lady Ravensdale have a special link of sentiment with the organisation, for Lady Butterfield is an American-born, married to an Englishman, and Lady Ravensdale had an American mother and an English father. By means of the Association, gifts of money and materials sent over to this country are turned into clothing and toys for the children of men in the Forces. Mr. Ivor Thomas, M.P. for Keighley, where Lady Butterfield has her home at Cliffe Castle, was there; so was Lady Brooke, in her Civil Defence uniform; Mrs. Osborne, wife of Admiral Cecil Osborne; Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme and Lady Hague.

Recent Engagement

THE engagement of Miss Kathleen Duncan to Sir Iain Colquhoun's eldest son, Ivar, a lieutenant in the R.A., just announced, is to be followed by the marriage of this young couple in April. As the bride-to-be has no father and her brother is on active service in India, the Earl of Verulam is to give her away. He is her sister Margery's father-in-law. Miss Duncan is in the W.A.A.F., for which she volunteered after doing Red Cross work as an examiner in the Prisoners of War Department.

Another Three Hundred Party

NOVEMBER'S Three Hundred Party proved such a success that it is to be followed by a second party on February 20th. As before, there is to be a Tombola, a fortune-teller and an American Bar. Lovely presents, including a beautiful amber glass gold-mounted box given by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, will be competed for. The party is to aid the Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association, of which Her Majesty is Patron, and Lady Victor Paget, Chairman of the Dance Committee, with Lady Brooke, will receive the guests. Distinguished hostesses that evening will include Lady Seton, Mrs. C. Gordon Ham, Lady Fairfax of Cameron, Sir Frank Newnes and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior.



A Visit From the Duchess of Kent

The Duchess of Kent recently visited an allied force headquarters and met several members of the naval staff. Front row: Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, K.C.B., M.V.O., the Duchess of Kent, Chief Officer Mocatta. Back row: Second Officer Sprange, Third Officer Moon, Third Officer Southern, Third Officer Duncan, Third Officer Brown-Wilkinson.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

writer, Stephen Watts. If only as studies, by "a temporary soldier," of the contemporary scene, these stories ought not to be missed. Their subject is wartime, rather than war: that is to say, they deal with moods and with states of feeling rather than with action. But the moods they depict are far from being far-fetched or ephemeral. He shows how English people of very different types have been affected by the dynamic changes that have come about since 1939. He shows, too—and at once clearly and subtly—how people affect each other, how changes have crept into human relationships, under the rule of war. Brought up by some crisis, some chance meeting, a whole set of new values may suddenly make itself felt. Sometimes this may be very disconcerting—scenes and people that used to satisfy, satisfy no more.

The most satisfactory of Mr. Watts's stories embody these moods of perplexity—most often in a young man, a civilian-soldier. Also, the Army itself is studied with a fresh, a detached, a newcomer's eye. For the most part, the soldiers in *The Pale Horse* have not yet seen action abroad: they are waiting. They feel (as they find on their returns on leave) already estranged from former civilian life, without being yet wholly absorbed in their new experiences. The young women with whom they have happened to place their hearts are, on the whole, unhelpful—in "Mr. Mallaby Makes a Decision" and "Week-end Leave" we have studies of two singularly unsatisfactory meetings. My sympathies were, at least to some extent, with poor, distraite, house-bound Margie, the fiancée in the first story; I could hardly believe any girl, these days, could be so crass as that polished and quite relentless young good-timer, Ursula Tite-Hartley, in the second. "Mr. Mallaby Makes a Decision" is, in a small way, a tragedy: everyone does their best, but everything goes just wrong. "Embarkation Leave," a third story in this class, goes deeper, to much more primitive feeling: it has full human dignity, and rings true.

Mr. Watts seems to me to be at his best when he chooses a larger, rather than smaller, theme. He has powers that he should not be afraid to use—here and there he seems to waste these in facile cynicism. The more ambitious his subject, the more mature he appears. The title story, "The Pale Horse," accordingly seems to me to be quite the best in the book—a forty-year-old officer commits suicide, and his colonel, in clearing up the mystery, discovers the tragedy of a temperament. All the characters here, including that of the barmaid, are very fairly drawn. "Friend of a Hero," though less subtle, has value—it is a grim little picture of disillusionment. "The Barley Rigs," as a counterpoise, shows how illusion may be renewed—the morals of this story are quite its own.

"If Daddy Had Lived" comes off—as a salt almond. It was in "Full Cycle" and "Heels Across the Sea" that I felt Mr. Watts had selected subjects not wholly worthy of his powder and shot. . . . But every one of the stories in *The Pale Horse* has distinction. If you collect war literature (fiction as well as non-fiction) here is a book that you should add to your shelf.

The Wheels Go Round

MABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS'S *Women in War Factories* (Gollancz; 1s.) is as vivid and easy to follow as a good film, and, at the same time, has a background of information that no film, however good, could supply. The whole great wartime industrial speed-up has been studied, and the woman worker—her point of view, her way of life and her interests—shown in relation to this. As the author of so important a short book, Mrs. Williams-Ellis has been very well chosen: she links up feminine intuition with a masculine grip of figures and facts.

Having visited a great number of British factories, Mrs. Williams-Ellis remarks how these differ in personality—like, as she says aptly, so many ships. She attributes these variations in atmosphere, and in tempo, to various causes—but some, she admits, remain almost impossible to rationalise. She suggests, on every page, the importance of knowledge of industrial psychology. As a member of the ordinary public, I was grateful for much that I learned from *Women in War Factories*—and both to workers and those connected with management, the book is also to be commended. Problems have been studied with remarkable thoroughness, and presented fairly, and the pictorial method—"close-ups" of different workers, with their home backgrounds touched in and their peacetime occupations given—keeps a grip on one's interest. The mother of children, the girl moved far from home and that inevitable phenomenon, the misfit, are all discussed. One is also told how the worker may have her say. The chapters on Government Control, and on hostels, I found particularly interesting; they cleared up much that I had wanted to know.

Queen of Flowers

"ROSES IN COLOUR AND CULTIVATION" (Collins; 21s.) is by T. C. Mansfield, and is a worthy successor to his *Alpines in Colour and Cultivation*, published last year and by now valued by many. Gardener or non-gardener, I believe every lover of beauty loves a "rose-book." In this one that I have to hand, the illustrations could not be more beautiful: coloured photography has been brought to the highest degree of art, so that each rose curves, glowing, out of the page. But here is also, from the technical point of view, information of the first value as to the growing of roses—also, as to their history, their different groups and families, the diseases and pests that attack them. There are tables and diagrams, and a useful glossary at the end.



... *B*ushing through narrow lanes, disturbing nothing of their vibrant quietness in the heavy air of a late-summer evening. Reaching the hard, broad band of the high-road, passing over the lengthening shadows that pattern its surface, the Bentley travels with a serene grace and mastery of speed . . .

These are pleasures we shall know again.

BENTLEY

The Silent  Sports Car

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD., CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 4412

34139
"ALICE"



A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY—we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.



Each Shoe a Model Shoe—as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD. 4, ST. GEORGE'S STREET, NORTHAMPTON

Keeping Contact

Centred in Regent Street, London, and with branches up and down the country, the Austin Reed service enables men and women in uniform to have a complete service at all times in the following towns: Aldershot, Bath, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Southampton.

AUSTIN REED



of Regent Street

Telephone : Regent 6789

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Spring is ever synonymous with new clothes; especially is it so this year when there are coupons to be spent as well as cash. Unusual colour schemes give Harrods, Knightsbridge, an almost festive air, and women are already visiting these salons in search of raiment that is practical, so that later on with slight alterations they may be given a new lease of life. Illustrated above is a simple and attractive frock. It is moulded to the figure with buttons which fasten through, and is expressed in wool jersey, the scheme being completed with short fitting sleeves. It will look so well with a fur over the shoulders when the days are chilly. The jacket dress has appeared here: it is cut in two pieces and can be worn separately or together, thereby many changes may be wrought on this theme. It is wonderful the colour contrasts in these salons; and by these means economy may be practised

The Knitwear department at Debenhams and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, is really a hive of industry where economy may pleasantly be practised. It is there that the coat and skirt pictured on the right may be seen. It is carried out in a jersey fabric showing a plaid design. As will be seen, the coat comes well down over the hips with a surprise pocket and step revers, and the pleats on the skirt are in accordance with Government regulations. A novelty is a miniature vest of chamôis leather in a contrasting colour. There is no doubt about it that women this year will choose their felt and other hats to harmonise with the suit or dress. It seems almost unnecessary to add that all the suits are well tailored. By the way, it is splendid news that this firm are making a feature of knitted caps to match the pullovers and they are pleasantly moderate in price. Many individual notes are introduced. Twin sets as well as pullovers and cardigans have their roles to play. Shoulder wraps may here be seen





SMART SWAGGER
 coat, beautifully cut in fine Scotch
 Tweed. Note the interesting yoke
 effect and unusual pocket. Fully
 lined. Dark cherry, Brown, Navy, or
 Black. Sizes: S.W., W., and W.X

£15. 9. 9

(18 Coupons)

One of many attractive styles in our
 Coat Salon.

NOT SENT ON APPROVAL

Harvey Nichols
 of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

TRADE MARK
'Celanese'
 Signifies Quality
 - STILL



Take care of your 'CELANESE'

If you pin a broken strap
 You will suffer more mishap
 Safety pins are apt to tear
 Very precious underwear.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE officer gazed sternly at the private who had been brought before him.

"Did you call the sergeant a liar?" he demanded.

"I did, sir," replied the culprit.

"And a cheat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you go on to describe him as a boss-eyed, black-hearted half-wit?"

The private hesitated. Then, with a note of regret in his voice, he replied:

"No, sir, I forgot that!"

THE radio star handed the waiter a five-pound note. "Bring me a whisky, and get something for yourself," he said.

The waiter brought the whisky and a pound change.

"What's the idea?" said the star. "I've only had one drink, and you've brought a pound change out of five pounds."

"But you told me to get something for myself."

"Well, what did you get, for heaven's sake?"

"I got a new overcoat."

THE family were sitting on the beach, watching the donkeys giving the children rides on their backs. Suddenly the youngest child cried out: "Mummy, do it now, do it now!"

"Do what, dear?" replied mother, smiling.

"Do what father says you can do: talk the hind leg off a donkey."

IT was the ship's concert, and the song was "Asleep in the Deep." The singer had got well and truly deep when an awed voice came from the back of the hall: "Throw out a depth charge and bring him to the surface."

A WAR correspondent wired his paper: "Native troops have just captured another five thousand Italians and four camels. Camels put up a terrific fight."

HE was one of those bores who will talk to fellow-passengers in trains. For an hour or more he had been telling tales of his business success and wearying his companions with his conceit.

When the ticket inspector came into the carriage, the braggart did not stop talking—he merely handed a ticket to the collector.

The latter looked at it and said:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"Can't you read?" retorted the other. "You've got my ticket, haven't you?"

"I've got a ticket, certainly, sir," replied the collector, "but it's for a gold watch."

SENATOR TOM CONNALLY, commenting on the need for preparedness during the debate on the Selective Service Act, cited the experiences of Georgia's Civil War statesman, General Robert Toombs.

Toombs once promised: "We'll be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

After the war Toombs was running for office again and was challenged: "I thought you said we'd be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

"So I did," replied Toombs, "but they wouldn't fight with cornstalks."



"I had to phone you, Arthur! Baby has just said his first word—it sounded like *Veliki Luki*"

"I WAS a fool when I married you," she sobbed at the end of a long quarrel.

"Yes, dear, I know," replied her husband smoothly, "but I was in love and didn't notice it."

"I HEAR you had Mr. Pherson staying with you for the weekend," said Brown. "What did you do with him on Saturday evening? Take him to music hall?"

"Well, no," was the reply from Green. "I didn't care to run the risk. You see he might have laughed in church on Sunday."

HE (cautiously): "Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"

She (still more cautiously): "Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"

IT was just before the start of the big race. In the paddock a jockey was putting a pair of sun-glasses on his horse—a hundred-to-one shot.

A visitor eyed the strange procedure. His curiosity irked, he stepped up to the jockey.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but why do you put sun-glasses over the horse's eyes. Does the sun bother him?"

"No," was the jockey's reply, "these glasses make everything appear dark. The horse thinks it's supper time—and he runs faster!"

This Copy Of "The Tatler" Could Be Made Into A Pilot's Seat. Read It With Care, Then Give It To Salvage.

THE MARK OF MERIT

SKIRTS

AND

SLACKS

Attractive

Materials

Perfect Cut

Faultless

Tailoring

Super Value

Obtainable at the best stores everywhere

SLIMMA WEAR LTD. (Wholesale only)

25 Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1

Telephone: MAYfair 4931

**A smart
Wool Frock**
to greet Spring's
first warm
days . . .

This Utility Frock has dignity in every line, from the yoked bodice boldly outlined to emphasise the novel shape, to the attractive box-pleated skirt. In glorious colours of emerald green, royal blue, cloud blue, jungle red, spring green, chocolate, copper or black. Hip sizes **49/8**

11 COUPONS.

It is advisable to state second choice of colour when ordering, as the quantity is limited and cannot be repeated.

From our popular Inexpensive Gown Department: Second Floor.

Swan & Edgar
LTD

Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

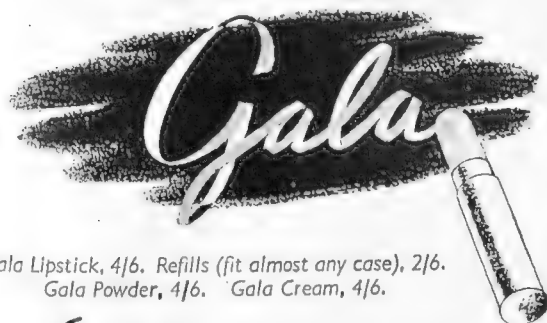
Regent 1610

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Powder, 4/6. Gala Cream, 4/6.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

When quality meets,
compliments pass



Best beloved Scotch Tweeds have always been a speciality of our Suit Salon. The 'Stolas' model sketched is a characteristic example. It is in Cheviot in delightful colourings (18 coupons) £12

Suits — Ground Floor

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
Oxford Street
LONDON, W.1.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Communicating and Commuting

COMMUNICATIONS aircraft are the hope of happiness to come for the potential private aeroplane owner. Some of the machines now used by the Royal Air Force for communications have the authentic "sky car" note that used to be the aim and ambition of so many constructors. Paint out the roundels and paint in the registration letters and you have, in many cases, an excellent aerial runabout. One of the latest communications machines looks exactly right for the kind of Cannes weekend that some people hope to see again, or for bathing between board meetings. It is the Miles M-28 and among the features to note are the side-by-side seating and the retractable undercarriage.

With a de Havilland Gipsy Major engine a top speed of up to 176 miles an hour (according to the engine mark) is claimed by the makers. The moulded bow-window windscreen (which is a reminder that this formula was first introduced in the Whitney Straight) is just what we have all been wanting, for it really does allow the occupants to look out. It has no struts and panels in the fore part and the waist line is low enough to give a good downward angle of vision.

Modern Conveniences

THE Miles M-28 is arranged to provide all modern conveniences, including wing flaps, end-plate fins and rudders and a constant speed airscrew. The twin end-plate fins and rudders are rather unexpected for a single-engine machine for they have mainly been used to give good stability with a twin-engined machine. But they look right. This aeroplane seems to me to be the shape of light aeroplanes to come if there are to be light aeroplanes. I put in that proviso because of the uncertainty about the form of civil flying control that will come into existence after the war.

Before the war the unfortunate private aeroplane owner was so overwhelmed with documents, papers, reports, manifests, log books and licences that nobody but

the otherwise unoccupied could afford the time to keep up to date with all the rules. It was more because of this over-organisation of private flying than because of its expense that it was the hobby of the comparatively few. If, after the war, there is a like complication of private flying, we can never expect it to expand to any great extent. If, on the other hand, the whole process could be drastically simplified (even if that simplification meant relaxing a few of the safeguards) then we should have private flyers turning up in their thousands and the market for machines like the M-28 would be large. Before I leave the point, by the way, there is also another new Miles machine in the light-weight class. It is our old friend the "Maggie" in new and sterner form and is called the M-18 or Magister II.

Publish It

SECRECY and security have their values as has been proved time after time. But they should be rigidly confined to matters of military importance and where there are border-line cases it is often better to take the risks involved by less secrecy. It is really the outcome of the praiseworthy effort to check not only foolish talk but talk of all kinds that we now have scarcely any publication of fresh research results in aeronautics. Formerly one of the pleasures of the study of aviation was the receipt of the papers read before the learned societies and giving research results into all the problems related to flying. Probably it is because of these restrictions that the tercentenary of Isaac Newton went almost unrecorded so far as the world of British aviation is concerned. I saw no special papers devoted to him. Indeed I do not recall seeing a single comment made about him and the influence of his work on aerodynamics. Yet Newton did influence the progress of aerodynamic knowledge as Mr. Von Karman, the distinguished research worker of the California Institute of



Top-Scoring Pilot

Sqn Ldr. Donald E. Kingaby, D.F.M. and two Bars, has destroyed twenty-one enemy aircraft, and has brought down more M.E. 109s than any other R.A.F. pilot. In peace time he worked in an insurance office

Technology, who has given his name to a certain air-flow phenomenon, has lately pointed out.

Newton's contribution to the understanding of air resistance was somewhat negative, yet not less important on that account. After stating correctly the drag formula which is used every day in aerodynamic calculations, he went further and then reached the conclusion that the air resistance is determined merely by the shape of the frontal part of the body—a thing which even a body in aviation, from the most junior serving officer, now knows to be wrong. But my object here is not to discuss Newton's contribution to aviation, but to direct attention to the omissions that occur through present limitations on publication. And it is not only that we fail to recall the work of the great and to give proper credit to those who were responsible for the accumulation of knowledge that made flight possible.

but also that we fail to sharpen our own thoughts and speculations. When there is no publication a paper on any technical subject fails to receive the criticism which enhances its value. It fails to reach enough people to be properly examined and tested. It fails also to contribute its value to a large enough audience. Scientific work, and it is just the same with aviation engineering, must be published and discussed and interchanged if it is to have full value. Publication, indeed, is part of the technique of technological progress. We would do well to watch closely that the present call for secrecy does not interfere too seriously with the quality of the engineering work that is going on.

Fleet Air Arm

BOTH the public and the Admiralty are now fully alive to the need for rapid progress in Fleet Air Arm aircraft. This final note is to say that I personally am satisfied that vigorous steps are now being taken to see that naval airmen get as good aircraft as can be made.

Good as it was...
it will be
better

Jaguar
S.S. CARS LIMITED · COVENTRY

Lady, aged 21.
Man, aged 30.
Lady, aged 50.

MODERN SCIENCE IMPROVES THE FACE

and helps men and women to greater success, health and happiness, so closely related to a good facial appearance.

Defects of the eyes as shown here are permanently corrected in one week.

Mr. C. H. Willi, the Swiss specialist has published a booklet, price 1/-, explaining his methods of permanently improving the features and removing the signs of age, worry and ill-health based on over 10,000 cases (eyes, noses, ears, contour, skin flaws, etc.) and 35 years' experience. Mr. Willi's address is 26 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

JACOMAR

have a new stock of Dress and Blouse Lengths of ENGLISH LACE (coupon free) in several colours and Black for Dinner Frocks or White for Wedding Dresses. 36 in. wide—prices from 21/6d. per yard. Patterns from:

JACOMAR

16 GROSVENOR STREET
LONDON, W.1

Maternity Wear

2-piece Suits, 15 coupons
In Wool Jersey, Angora
and Laineage with
Skirts on Cami-tops 8½ gns.
★
Smocks from 30/11
(6 coupons)
Jumper Tops from 52/6
(4 coupons)
Cocktail Smocks from 73/6
(4 coupons)
Can be sent on approval
References or deposit
Catalogue M/14 on request

LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, SW.1

MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

Chairman: THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA

Deputy Chairman: S. CHRISTOPHERSON

Chief General Managers { C. T. A. SADD, C.B.E., D.L.
G. P. A. LEDERER, M.C.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1942

LIABILITIES		£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,910,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	760,094,994
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits...	...	2,905,299
Engagements	10,299,882

ASSETS		
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	80,592,217	
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ...	33,251,334	
Money at Call and Short Notice ...	25,758,153	
Bills Discounted (Treasury Bills £32,815,922) ...	34,696,054	
Treasury Deposit Receipts ...	201,000,000	
Investments ...	235,221,988	
Advances and other Accounts ...	159,436,077	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	13,205,181	
Bank Premises ...	8,844,446	
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. ...	937,500	
Shares in Affiliated Companies :		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	8,426,455
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.		

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2



Thanks to Creda..

Electric
APPLIANCES
for the home

Millions of Creda Appliances are helping to keep electricity within the fuel target. Until Creda again appear in all Showrooms, use them with care—they cannot be replaced.

*The NAME TO
REMEMBER is*

Creda

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

For the
SMALL WOMAN



An example of our expert tailoring for small women, this becoming coat is a practical purchase for present and later wear, with adaptable neckline which can be worn open. It is carried out in a soft, medium weight fine black wool, with novelty gold-rimmed buttons, fully lined (18 coupons) Tailored to order.

(Small Women's Clothes — First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



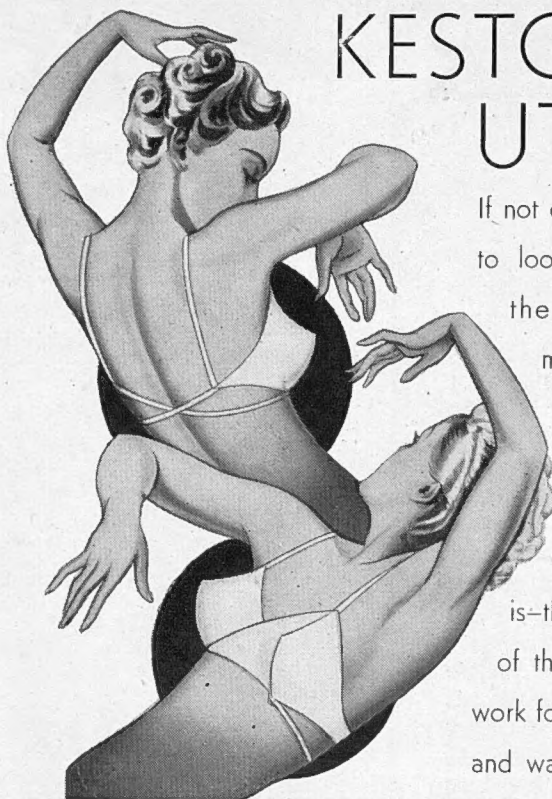
PROTECTION FROM INFECTION

"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's—that famous standby—gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet—inc. tax—1 coupon



KESTOS UTILITY

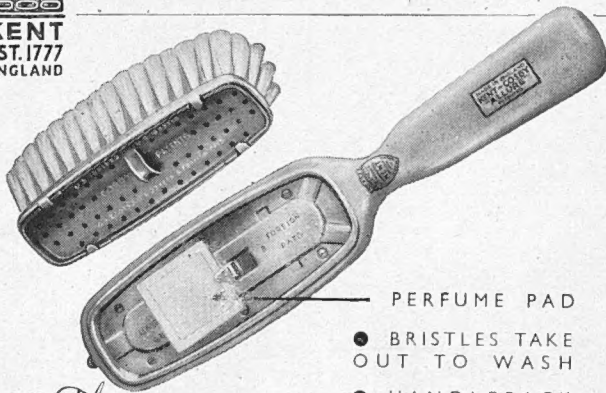
If not quite so attractive to look at as formerly, the Kestos Utility models are still Kestos in cut and finish. The only regret that you and we have is—there can't be more of them owing to our work for the Government and wartime restrictions.

KESTOS

Still the finest lightweight brassière



Best British Brushes for every need



The
KENT-COSBY

"*Allure*"

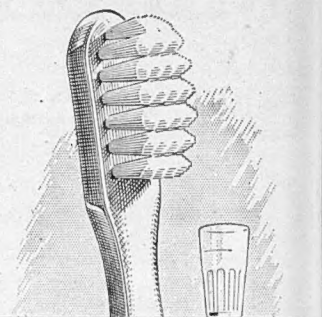
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

TEK TALKS



How do I know which is the best shape of toothbrush?

Johnson & Johnson have found out for you.

How have they done that?

They've experimented till they've found the one perfect shape that will fit every mouth, and get at every crack and crevice of the teeth.

How can you prove it?

92 dentists out of every 100 consulted said that Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made.

Is it easy to get a Tek just when you want one?

Of course it's not easy. Too many people know about Tek. But if you try you'll succeed.

MADE IN ENGLAND
Tek 2/- Plus Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough & Gargrave

THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

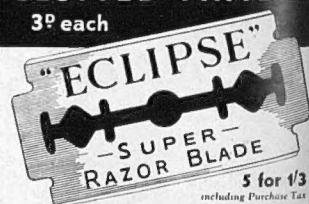
Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Now made only
in the popular
SLOTTED PATTERN
3s each



"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the lookout for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

Smee's

HAPPY EVENT

A MOTHER-TO-BE and she looks her prettiest! ALL DU BARRY MODELS are designed on a principle which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles, or send for beautiful folio of designs. Dress as sketched, in Matt. Woollen, trimmed lustrous satin in excellent range of colours — price 6 gns.

COUPON ECONOMY
Du Barry's Coupon-Free Department will remodel your dress after the event

Du Barry
MATERNITY WEAR
MAYfair 0118
DU BARRY
68 DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., W.1
(opposite Selfridges)

An officer's smartness depends
(In the ATS or the WAAF or the WRNS),
On shirts of 'Viyella'—or maybe 'Clydella'—
They give value for money she spends.



In 'Viyella'—from 20/-
In 'Clydella'—from 17/5
Collars extra.

STOCKED BY HIGH CLASS SHOPS EVERYWHERE

W.1

Famous for Fine
Quality



LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
FAMILY GROCERS



Enquiries :
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
W.1

M226

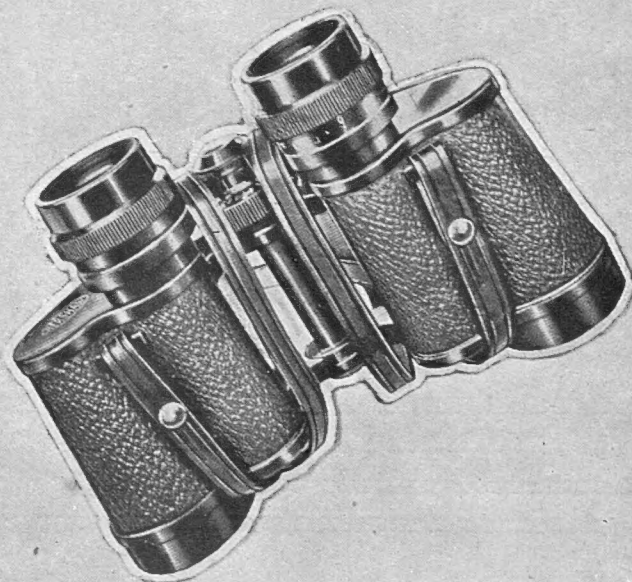


B 135

Agents in West End :

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET
120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

TEL. : REGENT 1951



In happier times Kershaw all British Binoculars
will be available again for your enjoyment.
SOHO LTD. COLHAM MILL ROAD, WEST DRAYTON, MIDX.
(Branch of A. Kershaw & Sons Ltd.)

THEY SPED INTO TOMORROW...

.... and their car was a Daimler. Perhaps speed has never been *your* first thought in connection with Daimler — simply because royal favour, dignity and comfort are the familiar associations of this famous name. But Daimler stands for speed as well. As far back as 1907, a Daimler took part in the renowned Targa Florio race. Amazing speeds — for those days — were reached by that rakish looking Daimler as it sped over the most dangerous circuit ever chosen up to that time. Yes, Daimler, B.S.A. and Lanchester: they know about speed, design *and* comfort. And their post-war cars? Those, too, you can be sure, will speed into tomorrow as their predecessors have done.

The old racing Daimler illustrated took part in the Targa Florio race of 1907 over nearly 300 miles of dangerous, rain-sodden Continental roads.



The Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd., England

B.S.A. Cycles Ltd. • B.S.A. Guns Ltd.
Daimler Co. Ltd.

Lanchester Motor Company Limited.

Wm. Jessop & Sons Ltd. and
J. J. Saville & Co. Ltd.

B.S.A. Tools Ltd. and
Burton Griffiths & Co. Ltd.

Transport Vehicles (Daimler) Ltd.
Monochrome Ltd.

Daimler

BSA

LANCHESTER